MILITARY CHAPLAINS' REVIEW

1987

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Military Chaplains' Review

Professional Bulletin of the US Army Chaplain Corps

A Variety of Gifts

Spring 1987

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Professional Bulletin of the US Army Chaplain Corps

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Persons interested in contributing an article on one of the themes listed above should coordinate with the editor to insure that the contributions fits well with other articles planned for the issue.

The *Military Chaplains' Review* prints an occasional "non-thematic" issue. Any subject having to do with chaplain ministry is appropriate for such issues.

A Variety of Gifts

Ars artis gratia has long been the Latin motto of Metro Goldwyn Mayer films. "Art for the sake of art" is a good translation. Unlike MGM, the writers in this issue of the *Military Chaplains' Review* are concerned with art for the sake of service. In each case, their personal observations and reflections concern subjects close to their hearts and close to those whom they serve.

"A variety of Gifts" celebrates a wide spectrum of aesthetic interest and talent. Two authors have written poems which eloquently speak of very different locales and ministries. A clown shows us the inside—the theory—of Christian clowning. One writer invites us into the world of magic and ministry; another encourages us to develop the ancient and universal art of storytelling to effectively communicate values for today and tomorrow. Through the themes of one major American playwright, theatre is visited and studied. A film review explores the work of a master composer whose innovative scores enriched some less than classic movies.

This issue of the journal celebrates a variety of talents and a variety of gifts. Art is integral to life and demands expression. Some of these expressions are recorded here. Service is integral to the chaplaincy. This issue of the journal salutes those for whom art is service and for whom the love of God finds expression in a life of perfect service.

Ignatius W. Butler
William Noble

Headquarters
Department of the Army
Washington, DC

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The Faint Image Of The Chaplain In Twentieth Century Combat Films

Chaplain (MAJ) Terry Lindvall

On May 28, 1948, the United States Post Office issued a commemorative stamp of "The Four Chaplains." The stamp paid quiet tribute to four chaplains of different faiths: George L. Fox, Methodist; Alexander D. Goode, Jewish; Clark V. Poling, Dutch Reformed Church; and John P. Washington, Roman Catholic, who sacrificed their lives for their men in 1943 when their troop transport, the *S.S. Dorchester*, was torpedoed. The final image of the four chaplains praying together as the ship sank, their arms linked, has been emblazoned and immortalized in the history of the chaplaincy.

But other images of the American Military chaplain persist. Before Father Mulcahy of television's M*A*S*H*, and simultaneous with the intermittent cameos of chaplains in the comic strips of Bill Mauldin, Mort Walker, and Sgt. George Baker, the movies have caricatured, honored and subverted the American perception of the chaplaincy.[1] This paper investigates several dominant images of the military chaplain as seen through four decades of cinema.

[1] The comic strip image of chaplains is clearly visible in Bill Mauldin's "Willie and Joe," Sgt. George Baker's "Sad Sack," and Mort Walker's "Beetle Bailey." Jerry Dumas, an assistant of Walker, had been a chaplain's assistant in the Army and inspired the Chaplain Staneglass character.

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Onward Christian Soldiers Marching As To War (1940-1943)

Before World War II began, America, torn between isolationists and interventionists, struggled with her conscience, wrestling over the apparent conflict of war and religion. How could a Christian nation fight and kill? With respected national heroes like Charles Lindbergh preaching peace, much of the pre-war era was characterized by isolationist tendencies.

Hollywood films highlighted this moral tension by bringing together an apparent oxymoron: the military chaplain. Through the religious soldier generally, and the military chaplain in particular, Hollywood found a way to address the issue and justify America's involvement in the European war. Several films prepared America for war by bringing together God and the military. One such film that established an early prototype for the army chaplain was "The Fighting 69th."

"The Fighting 69th" was the top money-making film for Warner Brothers in 1940. It dramatized the story of New York's famous WWI regiment of "The Fighting Irish." The presence of the chaplain in the unit bestows a divine blessing upon the American fighting man as "sure proof that God is on our side."

The autobiography of a real life priest, *Father Duffy's Story* (1919) provided the story and the model for subsequent tough, understanding men of God. Father Duffy, a former football hero, became the chaplain of the Rainbow Division, and essentially the star of "The Fighting 69th."

Chaplain Duffy, played by All-American Pat O'Brien, is an active priest, ready for war. When members of his regiment get buried alive under debris from a German bombing, Duffy bravely tunnels down to perform last rites. When James Cagney, playing an obnoxious but cowardly outsider who joined the group, gets into trouble, the chaplain takes him under his wing. Laying his hand on his shoulder, Duffy, as the ideal chaplain, reproves, encourages, and guides him into courageous and sacrificial action.

The film is ultimately about the chaplain, Father Duffy. His presence in war validates America's role in the new war brewing over there. "*The Fighting 69th*" includes a great deal of praying and discussing of religion and god. The film ends with a monument, a statue of Father Duffy, commemorating all the wars he fought in (Spanish-American, Mexican Border wars, World War I.) The film's finale is a pious and prayerful homily by the chaplain, in which he calls his men and American movie audiences to remember "the lost generation" who sacrificed their lives "that an ideal might live. Don't let it be forgotten, America. Be a citadel of peace, peace forever more, this I beg of you."

Director Howard Hawks brought religion and war together in his 1941 Academy Award winner, "Sergeant York," starring Gary Cooper. While Americans were still divided about becoming involved in the impending war, Warner Brothers produced the story of Tennessee hillbilly, Alvin York. In 1918, York, an avowed pacifist, had singlehandedly captured 132 Germans.

In the film version of York's story, while traveling on horseback to kill an enemy, York is literally jolted from his saddle by lightning, experiencing a Damascus-like conversion. The shocking encounter transforms him into a literal Bible believer. Thus when he reads "Thou shalt not kill," he believes it. The film doesn't need to introduce chaplains. Sgt. York stands as a model Christian soldier who puts his trust in The Book.

Against the hymnal backdrop of "When the Roll is Called Up Yonder," "Sweet Bye and Bye," and "Give Me That Old Time Religion," York struggles with either obeying God or defending his country. The crisis is resolved simply when York understands that some things are rendered to Caesar and some to God. Obviously, defending one's country and killing belong to Caesar. Hawks' film, dedicated to a day when "man will live in peace on earth" took the religious man and His Lord into war.

1943 saw the first major wave of WWII combat movies. Captain W. A. Le Francois' eyewitness account of the 2nd Marine Raider Batallion's assault on the Japanese-held Makin Island was turned into a stirring, action-packed combat movie that propagated overtly what Sgt. York suggested. One of the characters in "Gung Ho" proudly asserts: "The Lord fights on the side of the right."

"Gung Ho" was a paean of propaganda for teamwork and harmony, even using the allied Chinese term for its title. We get an idea of the nature and place of the chaplain when the film begins dramatically with the recruitment and training of the group team of killer marines. One of the men who applies to this elite corps—whose objective is "kill the enemy"—is John Harbison (Alan Curtis) who presents himself to Colonel Thornwald (Randolph Scott).

Harbison:	I'm an ordained minister of the Gospel. When I left theological college I entered the marines instead of seeking a church because I felt that in times like these I can do more good here. I want the most dangerous post where men will need me the most.
Thornwald:	We got our chaplains. What we want now is killers.
Harbison:	I'll do my duty, sir.
Thornwald:	I believe you will, Harbison.

The call to fight in "Gung Ho" becomes a specialized call of ministry for Harbison. The film does not denigrate the role of the chaplain; it recognizes its importance, however secondary. What is significant about this exchange, though, is the awareness that chaplains are a present part of the fighting team.

Ironically, Harbison's theological training leads to his death. Early in the film, Harbison is seen as a tough, insightful soldier, but he does exhibit a trust toward his fellow man. When he believes several of the enemy are surrendering in good faith, he approaches them—only to be shot down. He dies, praying, "Thy will be done, on earth as it is . . . . " To trust your enemy in the midst of battle is not a pragmatic action.

Another clergyman leaves his pulpit in Lewis Milestone's "Edge of Darkness" (1943). Errol Flynn plays a Lutheran minister who joins the Norwegian resistance movement, fighting for his homeland from the church tower with a machine gun. The religious and moral significance of killing the Nazi enemy from the spire of God's house is underscored by the music of "A Mighty Fortress is Our God."

The submarine in "Destination: Tokyo" (1943) does not contain a chaplain, but it does offer spiritual father figures. The captain of the *U.S.S. Copperfin* (Cary Grant) exudes what Bernard Dick calls "a sacerdotal aura." The captain serves as "a skipper-priest" with a sailor-flock. As a result, the whole crew of the *Copperfin* seems to be Christian: Everyone knows the Lord's Prayer and can sing "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear." And since apparently only Christians die at sea, the skipper beseeches "Christ Jesus, our Lord" to grant the departed eternal rest."[2]

Religious values are reaffirmed through older men when chaplains are not available. An older father figure, Mike, in "Destination: Tokyo" teaches "the kid," Tommy, not only about submarine life but about prayer and religious faith as well. The religious heritage of America is handed down from generation to generation even during crises.

Like "Destination: Tokyo," "Bataan" (1943) is marked by men who pray and who die. "Bataan" is the classic film of the WWII combat genre and presents a brutal and unblinking portrait of heroic Americans in a courageous, but doomed "last stand." Thirteen heterogenous military men of assorted race, creed and color, symbolizing the American melting pot, "stayed the wave of barbarian conquest" as they tried to buy time for MacArthur. Included in the group are Irish and Latin Catholics, Jews, as well as both black and white Protestants. The black demolition expert, Epps, declared that he was studying to be a preacher back home before the war started.

[2] Bernard F. Dick, *The Star Spangled Screen: The American World War II Film*. (Lexington: The University Press of Kentucky, 1985), p. 129.

When the captain dies, Epps prays at a makeshift burial service.

> Heavenly Father, Captain Lassiter was our Captain. And he was a good Captain . . . . (We know) what comes out of graves is the best that goes into them. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Amen.

When another soldier, Ramirez (Desi Arnez), becomes delirious with malaria, he talks incoherently in Spanish to the Sergeant Bill Dane (Robert Taylor) and then addresses him as his priest, reciting the Confiteor in Latin.

Ramirez:	Father Manuel, Father Manuel
Sgt. Dane:	Take it easy, soldier
Ramirez:	Si, Padre, si . . . . Yes I remember. I learned it by heart, just like you said . . . . I confess I have sinned most exceedingly by thought, word and deed, through my fault, through my fault, through my most grevious fault.

While the heart felt prayers of Ramirez and Epps are poignant and emotionally wrenching moments in "Bataan," they are also the prayers of young, ordinary, and ethnic men. The prayers of a professional man, a chaplain, are heard in "Guadalcanal Diary" (1943).

The first character introduced in the filmed version of journalist Richard Tregaskis' dispatches is the chaplain, Father Donnelly (Preston Foster). This wise, engaging, and ubiguitous chaplain is the heart and soul of the first dispatchment of marines who landed on Guadalcanal.

With organ strains playing "Rock of Ages," Father Donnelly is described as a two-year All-American fullback from Notre Dame as he conducts a Roman Catholic Mass on a troopship "somewhere in the South Pacific." The ecumenical nature of the military is celebrated as one Marine compliments a Jewish comrade, Sammy Klein, on his signing of the Protestant hymn.

Soldier:	Hey Sam, your voice is okay.
Klein:	Why not? My dad was a cantor in the synagogue.

The chaplain binds his religiously diverse men together. Donnelly is father to them all, Catholic, Protestant and Jewish. He guides, exhorts, and leads them, and refuses to desert them. When the commander suggests that perhaps he shouldn't go with the first wave, Donnelly responds that he wishes to go "where I'll be needed most."

Donnelly teases the men and cares for them. After telling the

marines about the natives on the island, the good priest exhibits playful humor with "Taxi" Potts from Brooklyn (William Bendix).

Potts:	(Are they) cannibals?
Chaplain:	No, strictly vegetarians. Of course, they've never tasted marine meat . . . . Don't worry, perhaps we'll land on Friday.

Donnelly dances an Irish jig with the troops; he hands out his copies of *Time Magazines* after mail call; he discovers a bicycle on the island and rides it merrily about the soldiers. When one man discovers limes on the island, he wishes aloud, in the presence of the chaplain, for cherries, ice and a gallon of gin. Then he addresses the chaplain.

Soldier:	You know, I'm just kidding Padre.
Chaplain:	But if you find those ingredients, stop around.

He is ever-present in time of danger and tragedy. When an enemy sniper kills a marine, he accompanies the medic into the firing line to give last rites. After one particularly rough night of war, he praises the bravery of the doctors who remained in the vulnerable hospital tent while bombs exploded all about. A sergeant quizzed him on his knowledge of seeing such courage.

Sgt.:	How do you know, Padre? Were you there?
Chaplain:	Well, naturally. I had to stay.

His devotion to his troops also enables him to teach them combat safety as well as more ordinary catechisms. When one young troop gets a concussion during a bombing raid, Donnelly instructs him on precautions "Don't bury in so deep," he tells him. "Next time, just cushion yourself with your elbows."

Les and Barbara Keyser called this giant Irish Catholic priest "a drill instructor of the soul." Such an "heroic padre became a leading icon in Second World War films; his most stirring scenes usually involved reading the Lord's Prayer over graves or leading unseasoned young recruits to military victories and spiritual maturity."[3] Donnelly does conduct memorial services and leads men in prayers. In one of "Guadalcanal Diary's" most tender and touching

[3] Les and Barbara Keyser, *Hollywood and the Catholic Church* (Chicago: Loyola University Press, 1984), p. 163.

scenes, "Taxi" Potts publicly confesses his faith and his foxhole theology.

Potts:	Father, you got any objections if I say what I'm thinking?
Chaplain:	Go ahead son, don't mind me.
Potts:	Well this thing is over my head. It's gonna take something bigger than me to handle it . . . I ain't much on this praying business, you know, the Lord's Prayer and things like that. My old lady usually handled that stuff.
Sgt.:	Yeah, I used to pray: Lord, give me this; Lord, give me that. Please let the Yanks win.
Potts:	Me, well, I'm no hero; I'm just a guy. I came out here because somebody had to. I don't want no medals. I just want to get this thing over with and go back home. I'm just like everybody else and I'm telling you I don't like it; except maybe there's nothin' I can do about it. It's up to somebody bigger than me, bigger than anybody else . . . . What I mean is I guess it's up to God . . . . If we get it—and it sure looks that now—I hope He figures we did the best we could and lets it go at that . . . Maybe it's a funny kind of prayer but it's what I'm thinking.

After a brief moment of silence, Donnelly marks this awkward petition with an affirming "Amen." Patience, wisdom, understanding, courage, humor, human compassion, and spiritual guidance mask Donnelly and the image of the Chaplain during these perilous days of the war. However, as the war plodded towards victory, the godly chaplain slipped out of view. Trained men of God were replaced by God's ordinary men. The chaplain became a shadow, appearing briefly and fainting on the edges of the screen as his surrogates took over.

Surrogates And Shadows (1944-1949)

In her book, *Visions of Way*, Kathryn Kane noted that the WW II combat films shifted "from adamant insistence on American superiority and moral purpose of war to, by 1945, greater emphasis on futility and suffering, and a silence or obvious unease on the matter

of justification."[4] The optimistic religious values shared by the men in the military waned as God did not give immediate victory. And as men came of age and experience, they lost both innocence and faith.Their trust in God was slowly and subtly replaced by a trust in military leadership. Chaplains were replaced by military leaders.

Near the end of the war John Wayne appears as the secular surrogate chaplain of his forces. As the gruff, self-willed boss of a construction crew, Wedge Donovan organizes his men into "The Fighting Seabees" (1944). He cries out at one point in desperation, "What, are my men expendable?" The question is answered in a film the following year.

In 1945, Wayne appears again in what has been called the gloomiest title of all combat pictures, "They Were Expendable." After the opening credits, a superimposed title locates and dates this John Ford film: "Manila: In the Year of Our Lord, 1941." The film almost ignores the Lord throughout the rest of the film, except for two troops making a speedy visit to a small cemetary with two crosses. Both quickly kneel and pray; one crosses himself. The scene lasts no longer than five seconds.

When Lt. Rusty Ryan (Wayne) arrives with dead comrades in a small village, he finds a local Roman Catholic church. The Father, however, has been gone to a distant hospital for two days. Ryan recruits two little Filipino altar boys and conducts the memorial service himself. Lacking priest and chaplain, Ryan, with his voice cracking, substitutes a recitation of Stevenson's "Requiem," ("Gladly did I live and gladly die,") for normal religious texts. He eulogizes his men in a remarkably nonreligious service: "Just a couple of blue jackets who did their job and did it well." The film crescendoes with an emotional rendering of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." The choral prophecy that "Our God is Marching On" is matched with the enscribed reminder that "We Shall Return." God marches with us on our return.

If ever we thought God was not involved on our side, Father Big Mike arrived in 1945 in the most sanctimonious film of the war, "God is My Co-Pilot."

When his B-17 bombing raid is cancelled, agnostic Colonel Robert Lee Scott, Jr., becomes so desperate he even prays to God: "I've never asked for anything. If it's Your will, please let me go with them, just this one time." He receives an immediate and affirmative answer. God, it seems, wastes no time when the enemy needs to be killed. Scott's religious doubts are answered by Father Mike, missionary to the Chinese and God's personal military strategist and apologist. In one particular pep talk, Father Mike defines his religious duty in military terms.

[4] Kathryn Kane, *Visions of War: Hollywood Combat Films of World War II.* (Ann Arbor, Michigan: UMI Research Press, 1982), p. 145.

Col. Scott:	You sound more like a soldier than a missionary.
Father Mike:	I guess there's not much difference, only in the weapons. We both fight the forces of evil and take the same chances.
Col. Scott:	I guess you're right. I've never thought about it that way before. But I'm not exactly a religious guy.

Later the Georgian pilot confesses that having killed innumerable men, he worries about the aftermath of the war. The notion of a chaplain as one who dispenses bromides and platitudes evolves out of Father Mike's response.

Scott:	Will we be hard and bitter and burned out inside? And will life be the same meaningless thing it is out there?
Mike:	You're confused, Scotty. Life is always cheap in a war, yes, but neither life nor death are ever meaningless. And a man only changes for the worst when he thinks they are.

Father Mike is Scott's spiritual guide and teacher. He is the kind of chaplain public relation officers and recruiting brochures describe in glowing terms. Yet even in this propaganda film, Mike's truisms, however trite, communicated effectively with the post-war audiences. After the public heard Father Mike recite Don Blanding's religious poem, "They Speak of God," the Warner Brothers studio was inundated with requests for copies of the poem. It soon became the text for scores of inspirational Sunday sermons.

In contrast to "God is My Co-Pilot," William Wellman's "Story of G. I. Joe" (1945) took the audience out of the skies and heavens and dumped them into the mud, muck and misery of war. While chaplains waned in significance as the success of the war appeared imminent, churches and prayers still filled the screen, if only as bleak ironic or cynical statements.

A major combat scene in "G. I. Joe" occurs when soldiers recapture a church held by the Nazis. After shooting a sniper hiding behind a statue of an angel, Sgt. Warnicki, a good Polish Catholic, removes his helmet and kneels to give thanks at the altar. Another sniper fires at him from the belfrey and is shot down by his buddy. Warnicki observes: "This is a funny place to be killing men in."

In the same film, a chaplain conducts a wedding in a bombed-out church, showing that even in the midst of death, life and love continue. However as soon as he has pronounced the couple

man and wife, bombs begin falling again. The chaplain concludes the ceremony shouting "Hit the dirt!"

By 1946 the chaplain begins to disappear from the combat film. "A Walk in the Sun," the story of the Texas Division hitting the beach at Salerno, includes only a faintly religious character. Windy (John Ireland) is a minister's son from Canton, Ohio, who spends his time mentally composing a record of the war to his sister back home.

As religious influences wane, the change is also marked musically. "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" is replaced here by Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever."

William Wyler's Academy Award winning film "The Best Years of Our Lives" deals with the return of WW II veterans who try to integrate themselves back into society. Significantly absent is the chaplain, whose counseling and care would seem fitting. Small talk about prayer and blessings from God are the only evidence of religion.

The chaplains that appear sound quite ecumenical, but are merely vague microphones for other causes. In the late 1940s certain films used chaplains as political, rather than spiritual prophets. As an example, Jeanine Basinger noted that in the 1949 film, "Battleground," we find "a propaganda message about Russia for the new cold war."[5] The chaplain warns:

> As the years go by, a lot of people are going to forget, but you won't. Don't let anybody tell you you were a sucker to fight in a war against Fascism. Let us each pray in his own way to our own God.

As the men move into combat, Isaiah's spiritual prophecy is transformed into a military metaphor. "They shall mount up with wings of eagles; they shall run and not be weary." Even scriptural imagery is appropriated for government use.

Other films of this era use the chaplain to justify war. In "Above and Beyond," the chaplain blesses the crew and sends them forth to use nuclear bombs over Hiroshima "in the name of Jesus."

The quintessential surrogate chaplain of this period is John Wayne. In "The Sands of Iwo Jima" (1949), he is shadowed by footage of real chaplains in action. John M. Stryker (Wayne) serving both as their commander and as their spiritual and emotional father leads a rifle squad of Marines. A glimpse of the relationship between traditional soldier and religion occurs early in the film after a wedding held in a community chapel. One marine remarks: "You know that's the first time I've been in a church since I was fourteen

[5] Jeanine Basinger, *The World War II Combat Film: Anatomy of a Genre.* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1986), p. 162.

years old." Soldiers no longer need religious faith; now they have the chief leatherneck.

Chaplains do appear in quick, authentic cameos. After suffering numerous casualties in establishing a beachhead on the island of Tarawa, a reprieve for attending the wounded occurs. Several actual chaplains are shown caring for the injured and dying. As documentary rather than dramatic characters, they are uncomfortably real, though positively drawn, for a combat film. One chaplain offers a wounded solider a cigarette and lights it for him.

Soldier:	How am I doing chaplain?
Chaplain:	God has been good to you my son; You're going home.

To a less fortunate soldier, a Spanish chaplain wearing vestments and a camouflaged helmet closes and wipes his eyes, reciting "Domino sit anima tua. Amen." Documentary footage follows during which a chaplain conducts a memorial service on shipboard, lowering a coffin draped with the American flag into the sea.

Stryker continues the ministry when the chaplains are not around. When a Jewish troop is hit by a sniper, the boy whispers a prayer: "Israel, Adoni, Eloheim." Stryker responds quietly: "Amen."

The film makes certain that we don't fully project too much spirituality on the macho Stryker. When he charitably helps an abandoned mother and her child, the woman tells him.

Woman:	You're a very good man.
Stryker:	You can get odds on that in the Marine Corps.
Woman:	So long Sergeant. I'll pray for you.
Stryker:	Let's not get religious.
Woman:	I'll pray for you Sergeant.
Stryker:	Good luck.

The last phrase seems to indicate a trend in war films that follow. The films generally would not get religious and luck, good luck, did become predominant.

The Luck Of The Good Guys (1950-1957)

Combat films, made in the prosperous Eisenhower years, tended to neglect the religious dimensions in favor of chance and fate. With a few notable exceptions, chaplains are dead or nonexistent. Such a trend can be seen when screenwriter James Edward Grant followed his "Sands of Iwo Jima" with Nicholas Ray's 1951 "Flying Leathernecks," also starring John Wayne. In it, fate and luck replace

faith and prayer. American men, now perceived as essentially good, no longer need God's help as much as a lucky break.

During a shelling, a soldier in a muddy foxhole clasps his hands, looks heavenward and prays. He is immediately blasted and presumably heads heavenward. One of his fellows comments: "He could have made it with a little luck." "Not with the luck we've had," says another.

When one of his pilots is shot down, Wayne broods that he has to write a letter to the boy's parents. A friend tells him: "You know those things should be left to the Chaplain. Let the Padre do it." Wayne responds: "He was killed today on the ridge with the infantry."

A Christmas record from home comes for another soldier in which his son tries to tell him goodnight, and ends up by reciting the Lord's prayer. It seems that prayers are for dead men and children. Everyone else awaits the roll of the dice by Somebody upstairs. The outcome of life and death and war become more dependent on Lady Luck and impersonal forces, as the chaplains die and fade away like old soldiers. Only in moments of quiet desperation do men turn to prayer.

Survivors from a destroyed submarine float on life rafts in "The Coral Sea" (1953). All other resources gone, in despair they pray: "Our Father, which art in heaven. Thy Kingdom come Thy will be done. Give us this day our daily bread." Foxhole religion occurs on the dark deadly waters, as well as in the trenches.

The film autobiography of Audie Murphy, "To Hell and Back" (1955), carries few religious references outside its title. As the 3rd Division prepares to launch an amphibious assault on hostile French shores, we see documentary footage of a priest in white vestments offering the Eucharist to both a white and black soldier. Other than this brief scene and one where Murphy seeks a wooden cross for a dead friend, religion is absent.

One film stands as an anomaly in a decade of films concerned with luck and fate. It is explicitly religious. Douglas Sirk's "Battle Hymn" (1957) begins with choir music of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" over images of stained glass windows. The film chronicles the actual experiences of Colonel Dean Hess poignant and peculiar struggle between faith and fighting. Hess (Rock Hudson) is to become a "source of inspiration to fighting men;" "one man's capacity for good, an affirmation of the essential goodness of the human spirit."

"Killer" Hess suffers from guilt brought about by his WW II bombing of children in a German orphanage. When the Korean war begins, he is a minister; but more related to Lady MacBeth, with his "hands stained with innocent blood." He decides he must return to the service. When he is asked: "If you do go back, shouldn't it be as

a chaplain?'' Hess answers: ''I'm no good here. What use could I be to the wounded and dying?'' He hides his ministerial vocation from his unit in Korea, even when one of his men fumbles through a Thanksgiving prayer.

Hess is paralleled by a black Christian soldier, Maples, who accidentally strafes civilians on one of his runs. Trying to bring advice and counsel, Hess comes upon Maples reading his Bible and says ''I had a similar experience once.'' However it is the nonprofessional preacher, Maples, who assuages the guilt both men suffer.

Maples:	Sir, I figure it's all God's making and will. Doesn't the Book say no sparrow shall fall to the earth unless He first gives His nod. He must have given His nod to what happened out there today. He must have. He is the Almighty, isn't He? No, we have to trust Him sir. How can we live without that? God and all His reasons are invisible to the eyes of man. Got to just take our next step; do our next chore.
Hess:	Thank you, Maples, thank you.

Discovering that Hess the Major is a preacher, a cynical friend taunts him: ''You weren't exactly the preacher type over in Germany. What happened? Too many free pamphlets on the street corner? Repent and be saved?''

Yet the former preacher, Hess, becomes the chaplain when his friend is dying. ''I'm scared.'' the friend confesses.

Hess:	Nothing to be afraid of.
Major:	I don't know how to die. Say a prayer for me.
Hess:	It's already been said. Don't be afraid. Think of life as a shadowy place. Think of a door beyond—when that door opens, we pass into a wonderful lightness. Just a gentle step and we pass from darkness to light.
Major:	Thank you, Reverend.

In trying to bring peace to his dying friend, Hess discovers ''for the first time, I felt like an instrument.'' From this inspirational surge of usefulness, Hess explains his arrival to wholeness more in psychological than religious terms. ''Through the agony of war, by reaching beyond myself, I have found myself. The difference between the

impossible and the possible is a measure of man's will." (And then Maples sings "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot").

The key to "Battle Hymn" is the recognition that "good deeds are your purest prayers." Trying to get transport planes to fly 400 Korean orphans to a safe island, Hess meets an Oriental ivory statue maker outside a Buddhist temple. He tells Hess: "I am a Christian, you understand; but a house of God is for anyone."

The expectation of finding him a Buddhist priest is further shattered when he tells Hess to remember the words from *Matthew*: "Whosoever does to one of these little ones does unto me." The little statue maker also recognizes, intuitively and spiritually, that Hess is "a man of God."

En Soon Yang, the beautiful woman who cares for the orphans (and who could become an adulterous temptation for Hess if the film were not so sanctimonious) is killed before a rescue takes place. At her funeral, Hess cannot pray. Yet immediately after she is buried, five transport carriers arrive, showing "the Lord would provide . . . even through the U. S. Navy."

One other 1957 film extolled the virtues of the religious chaplain who seeks to serve others. Christian Scientist, King Vidor directed the second version of Hemingway's "A Farewell to Arms." This time, however, the military is not the Lord's instrument for the church. It is an obstacle.

Army orders demand the chaplain desert wounded and dying men. He refuses. In doing so, he prepares for his own martyrdom. An agnostic physician who must obey his military orders and leave the casualties finds a renewed respect for this man of faith, who chooses to stand steadfast in the face of the enemy and friends. A farewell to this chaplain in 1957 is a farewell to most religious references in combat films.

The Secular War (1957-1969)

In the 1960s religion is virtually nonexistent in war films. "The Battle of the Bulge" (1965) includes relaxed and careless strains of "O Tidings of Comfort and Joy" during a lull in the fighting, with troops in a front line bunker eagerly waiting to go home for Christmas. Then the Nazi offensive begins.

In the same film nuns appear from the ruins of an obliterated village asking for medical supplies to help the wounded in a church, but no other religious persons are present. When the German panzer division threatens, gutsy Major Kiley (Henry Fonda) talks about the weather. "If it lifts, the Germans will find us and our men and our tanks. I'm praying that the fog lifts." Prayers for weather by chaplains will become a dominant motif in "Patton," but in this film a prayer is no more than a wish.

The same year, 1965, John Wayne reappears as Captain Rock Torrey in Otto Preminger's "*In Harm's Way.*" The only oblique religious symbols occur when he is called "The Rock of Ages" and when he tells his wayward associate (Kirk Douglas) to shave, and the response is: "Aye! Aye! Father Torrey."

The dominant motif in this film is that of luck. Men wish each other good luck. Admirals are told that "If there's any luck, you're going to need it."

"Midway" (1976) continues this concern with luck. Men have "bad luck," or "get lucky." The point of rendezvous for the American fleet is Point Luck. Sent to look for American carriers, pilots are told to "aim here and then just trust to luck." The final question of the Battle of Midway is: "Were we better than the Japanese or just luckier?"

In addition to these films, other films of the 60s offered a uniform contrast between the good guys and bad guys. "The Longest Day" (1962), "PT109" (1963), "The Dirty Dozen" (1967), and "The Green Berets" (1968) tended to show Americans as honorable and morally superior to a proud, ruthless, or treacherous enemy. Only one of these films, "The Longest Day," does acknowledge a Divine Sovereignty who exists beyond political and national boundaries. On the night before D-Day, an 82nd Airborne Colonel (John Wayne) walks into his commanding officer's office.

General:	Is it still raining?
Colonel:	On and off, off and on. Sometimes I wonder which side God is on.

The sentiment of this brief conversation is echoed on D-Day by a German general, who learns that the Panzers have not been released to him because the Fuhrer is sleeping and not to be disturbed: "I sometimes wonder whose side God is on." By and large, however, the films of the 1960's assume that if the Almighty is present, He is an ally of the Allies.

While "The Green Berets" does not show any chaplains in Viet Nam, it does manipulate religious images to indicate His presence and attitude toward America. As the Lord cares for widows and orphans, we meet Ham Chuck, a native orphan boy adopted by missionaries who "taught him pretty good English."

He is the symbolic victim of Southeast Asia. One soldier explains that "after his parents were killed he stayed with missionaries and learned English from them until they themselves were killed by the Cong." Thus those who care for him are fulfilling a divine commission.

John Wayne leads his berets ("God willing and the river don't rise.") again, as the spiritually-wise military leader. To cynical journalist David Jansen, he explains the psychology of one of his

men who must kill the enemy: "By the grace of God he comes out in one piece, but (he) carries guilt the rest of his life."

The pathos of these scenes argues for the necessity of American military action; they are justified in part because God and the Berets must struggle together in doing right in a morally murky situation.

God's approval of the Allied cause is most noticeably present in "The Longest Day." A division commander briefing the Pathfinders (the first invasion parachutists) dramatically tells his troops: "When you get to Normandy you will have only one friend—God." John Wayne orders his men to "send the enemy to hell." When Robert Mitchum is told to begin his troop movements, he intones: "God help us now."

In this film, chaplains appear in two very humorous scenes. What is significant, however, is that these lighthearted scenes bracket the most sobering segment of the film: the tragic fighting and sacrifice in St. Mere-Eglise, where paratroopers, dropped in the middle of the town, are massacred by the Germans as in a duck-shooting exhibition.

The scene immediately preceding presents British paratroopers who landed in a swampy area under intense fire. A soldier is startled by something gasping for air rising out of a pond. It is the chaplain. As bullets fly all around, he takes a deep breath and submerges again. When he rises again, a conversation begins.

Soldier:	Don't you think we should be moving on now?
Chaplain:	Go on my boy. I'll only be a moment." (Submerges, then reappears). I'm sorry I startled you. I'm looking for my communion set.
Soldier:	Your what? Now look, Padre, we've got no time for . . . (Chaplain submerges again.)
Chaplain:	I'm sure it was here when I lost it.
Soldier:	We're under fire Padre! Don't you think we ought to . .
Soldier:	Go on my boy, go on. I'll only be a minute. (Submerges and finds communion set). Glory be! Now my son, let's go about God's business tonight.

This American chaplain appears just as oblivous to the war as the British chaplain in a following scene. Walking about in a dark forest, an obviously lost chaplain is clicking his ID clicker, sounding like a loud cricket in mating season. He clicks it several times, then moves

behind a tree and clicks again, and again, and again. Finally, the chaplain moves next to a bush and takes off his helmet. Frustrated, he gives three consecutive signals with his clicker. Suddenly, the bush stirs and reveals a camouflaged soldier.

Soldier:	For God's sake, Padre, stop that damn noise.
Chaplain:	I'm sorry son. I'm afraid I'm lost.
Soldier:	Well, who ain't. Come on.

The chaplains here are portrayed affectionately, but also as the proverbial fish out of water. These men are not trained for war. Blind to the dangers of fighting, they are more concerned about not losing the religious and personal dimensions of the war, keeping the faith afloat, and establishing communication with the men. "The Longest Day" portrays the chaplains as men with sweet naiveté. They are not cowardly or incompetent as much as unaware of what war involves. But during this decade of the silence of God and His ambassadors, even comic chaplains are a welcome relief.

Holy Caricatures (1970)

The image of the chaplain in 1970 took a fascinating and complex twist. The chaplain often became less two-dimensional and more unique, and more controversial.

One particular film contained a caricature upon which all chaplains were to be teased, modeled, and mocked: Robert Altman's "M*A*S*H*" (1970). Altman's lacerating version of blacklisted screenwriter Ring Lardner Jr.'s black comedy was a sharp debunking of military chaplains.

It followed the broad war comedy of Stanley Kubrick's 1964 slapstick anti-war film, "Dr. Strangelove or How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb." Hawkish generals pray and invoke God's presence for their dastardly deeds. In a wry parody of "God is My Co-Pilot," as General Jack D. Ripper orders planes to blast the USSR, he intones: "God willing we will prevail . . . God bless you . . . don't forget to say your prayers . . . . "

When it appears all the planes are recalled, General Turgidson (George C. Scott) assumes spiritual as well as military leadership, communicating in turgid poetic phrases: "I think we should all just bow our heads and give a short prayer of thanks for our deliverance . . . Lord, we have heard the wings of the Angel of Death fluttering over our heads in the valley of fear."

When M*A*S*H appeared in 1970 it struck an anti-religious, anti-military chord in the hearts of American audiences. Roger Greenspun, reviewer for the *N.Y. Times* pointed out that

"M*A*S*H" was "the first major American movie openly to ridicule belief in God—no phony belief, real belief."

The Keysers point out that "Catholic director Altman's "M*A*S*H" was especially hard on Catholics; it pictured their chaplains as totally ineffectual and bumbling."[6] When Father "Dago Red" (Rene Auberjonois) is introduced to Captain Hawkeye, his rosary beads get tangled in his hands. And he mutters, apologetically: "If you boys have any problems my tent is right over there."

Befuddled and stupid, the chaplain is irrelevant to the field hospital unit, the Korean war, and the Army. Dago is consistently portrayed as an outsider observer, always peering in nervously. He enters the "M*A*S*H" operating tent during surgery, wandering aimlessly, meekly offering his services: "I'm here if you need me. Does anyone else need help?" He enters the tent, puts on his purple vestments and begins to perform last rites for a dead soldier. He is told to leave the dead alone and come hold a surgical clamp for a living, bleeding soldier. He apologizes, "Oh yes, . . . I'm sorry" and obeys weakly, ready to faint.

A central crisis of the film occurs when Painless, the Dentist, experiences a bout of impotence and decides to commit suicide. Dago draws Hawkeye into his confidence.

Chaplain:	Hawkeye, Hawkeye, could I speak to you outside? I have to talk to you outside. This will only take a moment. There's a problem with Outski, the Dentist. It's not my problem; it's his problem. It's difficult to talk about because I learned about his problem in confession. . . . I can't divulge.
Hawkeye:	Can you give me a hint? Just an idea?
Chaplain:	No—but I can tell you how serious it is. He and the boys were playing poker and one of the boys turned to him and asked for a ruling on one of the hands and Walt said he said: "What does it matter? It's only a game."
Hawkeye:	Painless said it's only a game? Poker's only a game? (Whistles thoughtfully)
Chaplain:	Uh huh. That's what I thought. (Fading) Thank you. I didn't know what . . . to do. There are some things . . . see there are some things that absolution just can't . . .

[6] Keyser. *Op cit.* p. 188.

Later Hawkeye approaches the chaplain to help them conduct a fake farewell and last supper for the dentist. When Dago realizes he is being asked to give mock last rites for a suicide, he demurs.

Chaplain: Hawkeye, I really must . . . should check with the military vicar's office. I cannot give absolution to a man who is going to commit suicide. It's a mortal sin.

Hawkeye convinces him it's only an act and that if the trick works, there would be no suicide. The chaplain mumbles: "Well, I should check," but capitulates to doing what his sacrilegious buddies tell him to. The chaplain is not only irrelevant—he is weak and sadly pathetic. He compromises the only religious function that has any meaning among the dying for the sexual resurrection of one soldier.

Dago does contrast with the religious fanaticism of the horny, hypocritical Major Burns, another apt moniker. The bitter irony used against this officer who teaches a Korean houseboy how to read Psalm 23 and prays the Lord's Prayer publicly (like a Pharisee) is brutal and unrelenting.

While the image of Burns is satirically sharp, it is the bland, weak image of Chaplain Dago which persists, due in some part to the enduring presence of the M*A*S*H TV series. Burns exits the movie strapped in a straight-jacket. Chaplain Dago fades as a pathetic, ridiculous figure at the film's end, standing before a jeep and blessing it with a rich but aimless prayer.

> O Lord God, listen favorably to our prayers. With your right hand bless this jeep. Send your holy angels so that all who ride in it may be delivered and guarded from danger. And as you granted faith and grace by your deacon Philip to the man from Ethiopia who was sitting in his chariot and reading holy scriptures, show the way of salvation to your servants so that helped by your grace and always intent on doing good works, they may, after all the trials of their pilgrimage and life on earth, attain to everlasting joys through Christ our Lord. Amen.

One of the broadest roles for a chaplain character occurs in Mike Nichols' adaptation of the Joseph Heller novel, "Catch-22" (1970). Anthony Perkins is Chaplain A. T. Tappman who continually reminds people, "You don't have to call me Father—I am Anabaptist." Nevertheless, everyone chooses to address him as Father or Padre, the stereotypical nickname for a chaplain. (Aren't all chaplains really celibate priests, anyway?)

Tappman first appears sitting quietly and patiently beside a bedridden, injured Yossarian (Alan Arkin), the protaganist of the

film. (Yossarian wants to be out of the war, but the only way out is to be certified insane. To want to be out of the war means you're sane and not crazy, so one is caught in a catch-22—a no-win situation.) Yossarian stirs from a sleep and looks up.

Chaplain:	I asked how are you?
Yossarian:	Oooh, better. Thank you. What about you?
Chaplain:	Me? Fairly well, thank you. Except for a slight headcold. Had it for about a week and can't shake it. You must know what they're like.
Yossarian:	No, can't say that I can.
Chaplain:	Well, you're very lucky.
Yossarian:	Yes, I suppose I am except for this piece of schrapnel I caught in my leg.
Chaplain:	Yes . . . I've never caught a piece of schrapnel. Hmmm.
Yossarian:	*You're* a chaplain!
Chaplain:	Yes, didn't you know that?
Yossarian:	No, I didn't. I've never really seen a chaplain before. I had no idea that a chaplain looked like that.
Chaplain:	Well . . . Well if I can do anything to help you, anything at all, you . . .
Yossarian:	Anything?
Chaplain:	Like books . . . Or cigarettes . . . Toys?
Yossarian:	No, No. I have everything I need. Thank you, very much. You could do nothing for me.
Chaplain:	What?
Yossarian:	Well if you could talk to Major Deluth.
Chaplain:	The Squadron Commander?
Yossarian:	(becoming hysterical) And tell him I don't want to fly anymore.
Chaplain:	Well, he's a very difficult man, a difficult man to see. But it's not my business. But I'll see what I can do I really will. I'll do my best. (Mumbling, he stumbles away.)

Trying to help this soldier in trouble and need, the chaplain encounters a Lt. Colonel and the Colonel. The Lt. Col. overhears the Chaplain explaining how when he goes to see Major Major that "you can only see him when he's not there. When he's in, he's not there to be seen, except when he's out."

The Lt. Colonel (Buck Henry) answers: "What the hell you talking about father? Get your ass in, (this jeep) Padre. You describing some mystical experience you've had? Haven't had some ecstatic visions or anything like that? . . . Didn't see any burning bush, did you? Hear any voices or anything like that? I think we need to keep our supernatural episodes down to a minimum with a war to win and all that, if you get my meaning."

The chaplain's meeting with the Colonel is not much better. The Chaplain enters the office of the Colonel (Martin Balsam) who is sitting on the head. As Tappman shields his eyes, the Colonel starts the conversation.

Colonel:	Well Chaplain, we don't see much of you around here lately.
Chaplain:	Sir, I try to stay out of the way as much as possible. Well, well I have a feeling I make many of the men uncomfortable.
Colonel:	Nonsense. I can't imagine any of the men not enjoying the benefits of your presence. Unless, of course, they're atheists. Guess there's not much chance of that, is there?
Chaplain:	I don't know.
Colonel:	What do you mean you don't know. Atheism is against the law, isn't it?
Chaplain:	No.
Colonel:	Well, if it isn't, it's un-American.
Chaplain:	I'm not sure.
Colonel:	Well I am! If I found any lousy atheists on this base you can be sure that their ass is soon going to be believing in something. Well, that's not why I called you in, Chaplain. I want you to look at this. Page 48. *Saturday Evening Post*. You don't have to read the whole thing. I think you can get the point from the photographs. There's a full-page picture of a Colonel in England whose chaplain conducts prayers before every mission. I see no reason why the *Saturday Evening Post* should not be interested in the story of *my* outfit. I want you to think of some nice snappy prayers that will send the officers out feeling good. Can you do that?
Chaplain:	I'll try.

Colonel:	Is there something else?
Chaplain:	Sir, it may be none of my business but I think some of the men are particularly upset about the fact you keep raising the number of missions that they have to fly.
Colonel:	You're right, Chaplain!
Chaplain:	I am, sir?
Colonel:	You're right. Yes, it's none of your business. And it's none of their business either. Their business is to fly missions. Your business is to think of some short catchy prayers that'll get me into *Saturday Evening Post* Good Afternoon, Chaplain![7]

In spite of the futility of his position and pleas, the chaplain watches as Yossarian finds an escape to his dilemma. The chaplain proclaims the discovery that Yossarian can make it to Sweden in a little rubber life raft as "a miracle." The chaplain, rejected by military protocol and regarded as a fool, finally becomes a celebrant to Yossarian's ascent to freedom.

The tenuous relationship between Commander and the commanded, *i.e.* the chaplain, is delightfully played out in the Academy-Award winning "Patton." As General Patton, George C. Scott arrogantly sets forth his spiritual superiority, even over the chaplain. He is called by God, even as a reincarnated Caesar or Napoleon to be victorious over his, (and God's) enemies. When he is lambasted by the press and rejected by Eisenhower for slapping a cowardly soldier, he cries out in prayer: "O God, Thou art my God . . . . But those that seek my soul . . . Shall fall by the sword. But the king shall rejoice in God." He is one with the Creator, the King of Kings.

In Sicily, Patton speeds through the mountains on his way to invade Palermo and comes across a chaplain and two clergymen.

Soldier:	General, these men have come from the states to look at the spiritual welfare of the men.
Chaplain:	I was interested in seeing a Bible by your bed. Do you actally find time to read it?
Patton:	I sure do. Every goddamn day.

[7] An early 1953 issue of *Look Magazine* did highlight and applaud the work and ministry of actual chaplains in Korea. I mention it with pride because one photograph showed my father, Chaplain John Lindvall, conducting a field service in the snow.

Patton respects his men when they do their jobs, even the chaplain. During the heart of the Battle of the Bulge, Patton's Third Army races to Bastogne to relieve the beleagured troops. But snowy conditions hinder their progress. The forecast is for continued inclement weather. When told he may have to wait for better weather, Patton calls the Chaplain.

Chaplain:	You want to see me General.
Patton:	Oh yeah, chaplain. I'm sick and tired of the Third Army having to fight the Germans, the Supreme Command, no gasoline, and now this ungodly weather. I want a prayer. A weather prayer.
Chaplain:	A weather prayer, sir?
Patton:	Yes, let's see if you can't get God working with us in this thing.
Chaplain:	It's going to take a pretty thick rug for that kind of praying.
Patton:	I don't care if it takes a flying carpet.
Chaplain:	Well, I don't know how this is going to be received, General, but praying for good weather so we can kill our fellow man?
Patton:	I can assure you sir because of my intimate relations with the Almighty, if you write a good prayer we will have good weather. I expect that prayer within the hour.

The prayer arrives into Patton's hands as he is walking along a dirt road in the midst of a blizzard. As he reads the prayer a montage of fierce combat scenes blast forth. Patton reads.

> Almighty and most merciful Father. We humbly beseech Thee of Thy great goodness to restrain this immoderate weather with which we've had to contend. Grant us fair weather for battle. Graciously hearken to us as soldiers who call upon Thee. That armed with Thy power, we may advance from victory to victory and crush the oppression and wickedness of our enemies. And establish Thy justice among men and nations. Amen.

The next day the sun shines and the weather is perfect. Patton, speaking to his staff, says: "Cog, get me that chaplain. He stands in good with the Lord and I want to decorate him."

Dalton Trumbo, another of the blacklisted Hollywood Ten, directed a provocative film on the insane horrors of war entitled

"Johnny Got His Gun." It offers a brief but noble image of the chaplain who sets spiritual values above practical ones.

Johnny (Timothy Bottoms) is brutally and totally maimed by a land mine in WWI. He loses his arms, legs, speech, sight; no communication occurs until a nurse realizes he is sending S.O.S. in Morse Code. He then drums out: "Kill me, Kill me. Kill me." A self-righteous general will not allow the euthanasia and confronts the Roman Catholic chaplain in a scene taut with tension between the military and religious faith.

General:	Don't *you* have some message for him, Padre? You could at least tell him to put his faith in the Lord.
Chaplain:	I'll pray for him for the rest of my days. I will not risk putting his faith against your stupidity.
General:	(sarcastically) You're a helluva priest, aren't you?
Chaplain:	He's the product of your profession, not mine.

Trumbo sets the spiritual calling of the chaplain squarely against the aims and mission of the military. In a rare example, the chaplain stands as the conscience of the military, a prophet pointing his finger at the sin of his society.

Old Chaplains Never Die

1970 stands as the zenith for cinematic portrayals of chaplains. Since then, the chaplain has faded from the screen. Even when films have followed soldiers on religious quests in search of the heart of darkness ("Apocalypse Now," 1979) or in attempts to rescue or save fallen and imprisoned friends ("The Deer Hunter," 1978; "Uncommon Valor," 1983, and (though I shudder to include it) "Rambo," 1985) there are no chaplains. Recent films like "Heartbreak Ridge" and "Platoon" indicate a re-emerging fascination with our military heritage. Whether its motive is to subvert and revise the myth of the glorious wars or to celebrate American bravado, contemporary film does not recognize the role of the chaplaincy.

The curious and complex correlations of reality and cinematic fictions invite further investigation and analysis. This article has sought to merely describe selected films and note apparent trends in the portrayal of chaplains in film. New questions arise. Did real chaplains of each era inspire their filmic counterparts? Were the chaplains of early WW II nobler and more visible than later men and women of God? Were chaplains in 1970 the stumble bums and incompetents of *M*A*S*H** or *Catch-22*? I think not. But one must

inquire why the image of chaplains faded so dramatically from 1940 to 1980. Is it because of changes in society—or in the presence and activity of chaplains themselves?

It may be that chaplains are such leaven in the military that our presence can only be discerned in an eschatological sense. Or it may be as in the 1960 Oscar-winning cartoon by Gene Deitch and Jules Feiffer, *Munro*, that the chaplain is just part of the military establishment. Along with the army doctor, the psychiatrist, and lawyer, the chaplain is another professional who does his perfunctory duty.

The presence and contributions of the American chaplain have been overlooked recently in American films, due in part because chaplains don't obviously provide dramatic fodder for film scripts. (This is not an invitation for chaplains to commit perverse acts of sexual violence to get a Hollywood producer to approach them for rights to their story.) It is ironic to note that the best film portraying chaplains, in my opinion, is a foreign film that is *about* chaplains.

The international eye of Roberto Rossellini looked objectively and kindly at chaplains in his neo-realist classic "Paisan" (1946). One episode follows three American chaplains who visit a Franciscan monastery in Italy during the latter stages of WW II.

Panic occurs when the Catholic monks discover that one of the chaplains is a teetotaling Protestant, who jokes about being Martin Luther, and the other is a Jewish chaplain. Concern for their lost souls preoccupies the monastic brothers who choose to fast for the salvation of these two errant men. The Roman Catholic chaplain is upbraided for not showing the Protestant and Jewish chaplains the truth.

Monk:	Forgive me if I ask a question. You've been long with the other two clergymen.
R.C. Chaplain:	We were together through the entire Italian campaign. 20 months, 21 months. They're good dear friends . . . . For them I've the deepest respect and admiration.
Monk:	Didn't you reveal to them the true religion? You never tried?
R.C. Chaplain:	But Father, the Protestant and the Jew are just as convinced that theirs is the path of truth.
Monk:	But we know *they* are in error.
Second Monk:	Yes, we *know*.
Monk:	We must try by every means . . . to save these two souls . . . . Have you scrutinized their consciences?

Second Monk:	Are they in good faith?
Third Monk:	Have you discussed it with them?
R.C. Chaplain:	No, I've never scrutinized their conscience . . . I never discussed it. I never questioned them because I never felt I could judge them . . . I know them too well. They are dear friends. Perhaps, surrounded as you are by peace . . . in an atmosphere of undisturbed meditation you may consider me remiss. However, I don't feel guilty . . . or remiss in my conscience.

"Paisan" is a celebration of chaplains, whose personal commitments to God's truth need not result in religious intolerance. Rossellini exquisitely captured the ecumenical breadth and the playful camaraderie of American chaplains. The loving sketches of these three chaplains are wonderful, but rare. "Paisan" exists, as might a gallery portrait by Renoir, while other modern images have totally fogotten the faces and faith of chapains.

Even as it seems the film industry has deposited the chaplain in studio vaults and on late-night movies, one always hopes that as Hollywood examines the crises, sufferings, and joys of military life, the chaplain may quietly, but forcefully, reappear to minister to his troops.

Clowning

Behind A Minister's Mask

Chaplain (MAJOR) James A. Durham

As the white pancake makeup covers the surface of his face, the clown-minister becomes aware of a deeper transformation occuring at the spiritual level. To be a Christian clown is more than pretense—more than a role to play. The clown-minister dies to self in order to be alive to Christ. The clown white is a death mask. All that was before, the person, the minister—or as in my case, the Army chaplain—is sacrificed for the ministry to which I am committed.

As the bright reds and blues are applied, the ministering clown is resurrected with Christ. With this new face comes new freedom to love, to laugh, to give and to grow. With mime, gestures for speech, communication transcends the ordinary personal, cultural, and theological boundaries and barriers. But with the breaking down of these barriers, the clown finds himself, not surprisingly, very, very vulnerable. The clown can be hurt or rejected, but he never hurts in return; the clown may be rejected, but he never turns his back on those who will not receive him. Paradoxically, it is this vulnerability that is the clown's greatest strength. As with the apostle Paul's observation, God's strength is made manifest in the clown's weakness.

This upside down view of things may seem strange and confusing if you haven't discovered "the clown" within you. There is indeed a clown in each of us. At best the clown is a good performer;

CHOPSTIX, Chaplain James Durham, is a graduate of Master's Clowns Workshop and Floyd Shaffer workshop on clown ministry. Chaplain Durham, a United Methodist, is currently assigned to the United States Army Chaplain Center and School. Chaplain Durham's previous assignments include HISA Staff Chaplain, Fort Monmouth, New Jersey; pastor, Eighth United States Army Memorial Hospital Chapel, Seoul, Korea; Command Chaplain, Fourth Missile Command, Camp Page, South Korea; and Director of the Family Life Center, Fort Campbell, Kentucky.

at worst, a clumsy fool. But as with other spiritual realities, it is difficult to explain to someone who has never experienced it. It's like explaining the experience of new birth to someone with no religious background. The words are there, but the message doesn't communicate. How can the clown's ministry be understood from reading about it? Clowning has to be done in order to really understand it. Perhaps the reader, who is not a clown, can begin to understand by looking within to find the clown "inside."

Chopstix is a clown. One day while Chopstix was walking down the sidewalk, he suddenly realized that the Chopstix-self might be the real self and that the other personality, Chaplain Durham, might be only a clown. Which is more foolish: to feel and express love freely, or to always make the appropriate response, to do the expected thing, or to say only the proper word? Which is the real mask: the white-face makeup or the mask of ordination, rank, uniform, and ministerial jargon? As soon as Chopstix asked himself these questions, he decided that he was the real person. He decided that it was real to be open, loving, vulnerable, authentic, and receptive. What a sense of freedom he felt. What an exciting revelation! He wondered how Chaplain Durham would take this news. After a brief moment of reflection, (Clowns do not have long attention spans) he realized it would be okay because Chaplain Durham had the foolish notion that Chopstix was only a clown.

Now that sounds foolish, doesn't it? Who does this Chopstix think he is kidding? A great deal of time, money, training and commitment goes into developing an Army chaplain.

Each clown must work out his or her own theological view of ministry and make a personal decision as to where each of the two personalities belong. There is, in fact, a place for both characters in the ministry of a chapel program. They are able to meet needs which are seemingly mutually exclusive. Chopstix is sometimes welcome where the Army chaplain is not. At other times and in other situations, the clown is the least likely to be welcomed.

I learned the truth of this observation while serving as duty chaplain at Fort Monmouth. The duty chaplain at Ft. Monmouth is expected to visit the hospital daily. When it was my turn to cover this duty, I made sure that two days of hospital coverage were done by the clown. Once I was visiting a patient who seemed to be unusually reluctant to interact with me. Day after day, the visits seemed useless; the conversations pointless. When the patient's family was in the room, they ignored me. When Chopstix knocked at the door; however, he received a warm welcome. He was allowed to mime a love sermon using a balloon with the word *Love* written on it. The patient helped the clown by speaking the words for him. The seemingly unresponsive patient proclaimed to herself that God loved her and her family and that she loved her family, too. The warmth

of her smile assured Chopstix that she had experienced the good news of God's love through the ministry of a clown. Chopstix was able to do what the uniformed representative of the church and the Army could not do. With his exaggerated smile and clumsy walk, Chopstix was better able to transmit the truth of the Gospel than the chaplain.

When I visit small children in the hospital who are either pre-verbal or marginally able to talk, it is always difficult to decide what to say to them. Chopstix is marvelously and wondrously free of this dilemma. He isn't expected to fill the vacuum with pious and appropriate words. People seem content for him to fill a hospital room to overflowing with smiles, hugs, and the gospel of God's love for those who suffer regardless of their age. He entertains with clown magic, checks the dolls and stuffed animals with his stethoscope, and empathizes with the child's condition by acting out the symptoms.

One night when Chopstix entered the pediatric ward, the nursing staff expressed an unusual level of gratitude for his visit. They asked his help with a child who had been banging her head against the bed all day. All their efforts to help the child had failed. As Chopstix entered the room, the little girl watched him closely, but continued to hit her head on the bed. Chopstix moved slowly to an overstuffed chair near her bed and began to bang his head on the chair in time with the little girl. She stopped for a moment and with a questioning look stared for a moment at this curious behavior. Quickly she began again to bang her head on the bed. Chopstix once again kept time with her movements. In a moment, she stopped. Was it because someone had empathized with her situation? Was it because someone had felt what she could not express verbally? As Chopstix left the room, he looked back to see her carefully touching the bright red balloon tied to the head of her bed.

Chopstix often does magic for the children in the hospital, and sometimes the magic tricks flop. But then things haven't been going so well for the children either. The clown's failure provides the child a rare opportunity to laugh at someone else's foolishness and failure. Sometimes the children empathize with the clown's frustration. In this case, the child is elevated to a position of strength and self-assurance by becoming the clown's minister. For a few wonderful moments, pain, fear, and loneliness go away. With the room full of balloons, love and good memories, how can things ever be what they were again?

The clown-minister gives with no expectation for return. The clown gives of himself. Every clown's service must be backed up by prayer. Each presentation relies on the Spirit of God to give it clarity and power. The clown intentionally shares God's good news through his own foolishness. The clown's dramatization of the gospel gives clarity by adding visual imagery to the oral and written story. The unexpected twist at the end of the skit provokes reflection and

provides opportunity to think beyond old images. The exaggeration of physical features and bodily movement paradoxically allows the clown to emphasize the basic content of the kerygma. As the clown struggles to understand, the members of the congregation are given an opportunity to gain clarity about their own questions. The person who goes into clown gives up all in order to be empowered to give more to others. Clowning is a ministry of giving.

The clown-minister is willing to be vulnerable and willing to take risks as a servant of God. He knows that being God's servant must include a willingness to suffer. When the make-up goes on, the visible symbols of his or her status are lost, and the minister-clown becomes as vulnerable as a child. The clown never returns evil for evil. When the clown is hurt, rejected or make fun of, the clown returns insult with blessing. Negative behavior from others is interpreted by the clown to be a cry for love, understanding and acceptance. In clown ministry, the focus is on the needs of others.

As Chopstix walked toward the hospital entrance carrying a bouquet of love balloons, two soldiers in uniform got out of a car parked near the doorway. One of them began to shout insults at the clown. "How much are they paying you to dress up like that?" he cried. Chopstix just shrugged his shoulders as if he did not understand the question. "They couldn't pay me enough to look that foolish!" the soldier continued. "But I guess you don't have any pride," he summarized. Chopstix continued to smile in acceptance of this criticism as he walked closer to the two men.

The clown is defenseless. His decision to be mute prevents him from arguing in his own defense. It also liberates him from tiresome apologetics. As a clown-minister, he facilitates the ventilation of many intense feelings. It is only to be expected that some of these feelings will include outbursts of anger and expressions of rejection. His only comfort is belief that this is a form of ministry to his accusers.

To Chopstix's surprise, the other soldier rose to his defense. "Be quiet, you jerk!" he said to his companion. "Clowns don't get paid. They just give because they love." Turning to the clown, he continued. "Isn't that right, Mr. Clown?" Chopstix nodded in agreement. The first soldier, with seemingly a sense of shame, dropped his head. "Are you going to visit the children?" the clown's advocate asked. Again, Chopstix nodded in affirmation as the soldier opened the hospital door for him. "Well, go make them happy!" Chopstix nodded his head in affirmation and waved goodbye with a smile of acceptance for both the soldiers.

The clown-minister is always learning and growing. As the eternal child, the question of what he or she will be after growing up is always before the clown. It is the very nature of the clown to accept the role of a fool in search of understanding. Clowns are naive

and inquisitive creatures who dare to explore, experience, and expand. Pride of status and power are covered by the clown's mask, and these barriers to growth come tumbling down. The clown empties himself and stands ready to be filled with the Holy Spirit. As an empty vessel, the clown is enabled to have an increased awareness of God's spirit at work in ministry. The clown takes no credit for the successful outcome of the ministry, but quickly gives the credit to the Holy Spirit. For the adult clown, children are teachers. The clown's willingness to learn and grow gives opportunity for both to be empowered.

Once the post Child Development Center at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, requested Chopstix to be the guest speaker at the annual graduation ceremony. After giving a talk on love in mime which featured a very large balloon, Chopstix began to hand out smaller love balloons on sticks to each of the young graduates. One little boy continued to tug at the clown's pocket trying to get more attention. "Mr. Clown! Mr. Clown!" he called out repeatedly. Whenever he thought he had the clown's attention, the little boy would begin very slowly to tell a long, long story. It was hard for Chopstix to listen, to respond, and to continue to give away the balloons to the other children. Although the clown tried to ignore the little boy, the youngster would not give up. "Mr. Clown! Mr. Clown!" he cried louder and louder. Hoping to occupy the little boy, Chopstix gathered from his pocket a few rubber bands which had been used to tie the ballon sticks together and handed them to the child. A few blessed moments of silence followed. But in a moment the noise started again. "Mr. Clown! Mr. Clown! I'm not a trash can!" the little boy proclaimed. Chopstix retrieved the rubber bands, smiled at the little boy, put the rubber bands back into his own pocket and tried to continue to give balloons to the graduates. "Mr. Clown! Mr. Clown! You're not a trash can either," proclaimed the young philosopher. In this case, the clown and the minister learned, God did not create us to hold on to trash or to misuse our bodies by filling them with trashy foods, drugs, or thoughts. The little boy was the clown's teacher.

The clown minister is in the business of praying, giving, risking, learning and growing. It is a powerful and sometimes tiring ministry. From time to time, a clown needs to share with another clown the experiences of the ministry. The Master's Clowns, a group of clowns in the Fort Monmouth area meets monthly to share experiences, pray for each other's ministry, and to plan activities for the group.

Clowns have shared in almost every type of program and activity in the Main Post Chapel of Fort Monmouth and have been a voice of witness in the civilian community which surrounds the post.

They have demonstrated to the civilian community that a vital faith thrives within the military environment.

After careful planning and two dress rehearsals, the Master's Clowns conducted a complete liturgy at a Catholic church a few miles from the installation. The invocation, confession, absolution and act of praise were led in mime. A dramatization of the death and resurrection of Christ was presented as the sermon. At the communion service which followed, a clown portraying the risen Christ shared bread and cup with his followers. At the conclusion of the celebration, the Christ-clown packed his suitcase and prepared to leave as Christ left his followers at the Ascension. When another clown pleaded to go with him, he was given a love balloon and commissioned to stay behind to share the love with others. The clown disciples gave love balloons to all who attended the service. After a benediction was pronounced, the clowns left without applause or words of appreciation. The Master's Clowns give with no expectation for return.

When the makeup goes on, the clown is not hiding. The clown is putting on a unique role, entering a profound time of self-disclosure, risk taking, and vulnerability. The clown's joy is to share from the rich treasure of God's love and to fill the room, like the love balloons so often associated with clowning, with the abundant love of God.

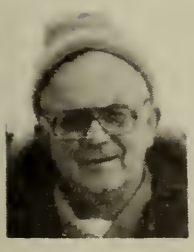
The Poetry Of William Burke

The Rev. William T. Burke, S. J.

STRING BEAN

"Who is God?" his teacher asked.
"God is a string bean,"
the boy replied.

Supreme Beings are hard
to come by when you're seven.
"That's fine," the teacher wisely said.
No one laughed. Each one
wished secretly he had
a chance to say string bean.
What a wonderful name for God!



Father Burke is a "circuit rider" in the Alaskan interior. He covers four hundred miles as the pastor of two parishes and three missions. His circuit is primarily the Alaskan Highway from the Canadian border to Fairbanks. His poetry is published currently in the "Blue Unicorn," "San Fernando Poetry Journal," "Silver Wings," "Inside Passage," and the alumni magazine of Loyola University.

AMERICAN ARMAGEDDON

The stripping fell off
my new Plymouth at thirty below,
supposed to be a Reliant.
Reverend Joe reads Revelation
on the radio, says
Armageddon is here:
a depression any day now,
the stock market's going to crash,
massive unemployment,
people jump out of windows.
With so many pot holes in the roads,
I know the country's
going down the tubes.
If you can't trust Lee Iacocca,
who can you trust?

I'm moving to Japan
where you can still buy
a decent American hot dog
and watch baseball.
They probably make
a five-cent cigar.
People are working there,
can read and write,
even like poetry,
and the stripping won't
fall of your new car.

So I learn to eat sushi.

A LEPER'S CURE

My children do not have swollen bellies.
There is no war in the land.
This is a day of joy,
A day of freedom and feasting.

Then why am I sad? Why does the banquet
Sour in my mouth?

My brothers are starving in an alien land.
They are being butchered by weapons of war.
There is distrust here at home,
The poor cannot find work
And are being exploited.
The young are drugging their brains
And the elderly can barely afford shelter.

You have cured me Lord.
I have returned to praise you.
This will be my thanksgiving,
This will be my feasting and freedom:
A prayer with my children,
A word of love for my wife,
A pair of hands for my neighbor,
A protest against injustice,
And Eucharist, loving Eucharist.

MY BROTHER'S KEEPER

There are so many tightwads in the church.
They give a buck
And piously say their prayers.
They have no time for paying bills or cleaning floors,
Or teaching children,
Or singing in the choir.
They belong to a church of one,
And think a buck will do just fine.
Someone should tell them though,
That you can't get to heaven
Without your brother,
And he costs more than a buck.

WEDDING IN ALASKA

Crack the Heavens,
Release its joy,
White-flaked and dancing.

Bride and groom kiss
Their lives together
While angels sing
And Christ comes in glory!

Quiet night, starry bright,
Bells are ringing.
Bride and groom are singing,
Laughing, crying,
Playing, praying,
Quiet night, starry bright,
Bells are ringing.

IN THE PRESENCE OF THE HOLY

They came to celebrate,
And knelt beside me
Full of prayer.
Heads bowed and hoary gray,
Their silence spoke most eloquently.

The wrinkled masks they bore
Revealed a quiet dignity
And deep, deep love within.
I felt like Peter
After the catch of fish
And cried:
"Depart from me, O Lord,
I am a sinful man."

A BRIDEGROOM'S PRAYER

Take my love, Lord,
And make it holy.
Let this holiness embrace my beloved
Through my embraces.
Through my kisses
May she be kissed by You.
By our communion,
May she have communion with you my Lord.
May the joy of our ecstasy
Give us a taste of Your joy
As You share this moment with us.
May our love always be a Eucharist,
In our dyings we shall share Your death,
In our risings we shall share Your life,
Come, Lord Jesus!

The Chaplain And Conjuring—Magic In Ministry

Chaplain (Major) Peter K. Christy

Large steel balls dancing in thin air, coins vanishing and reappearing from nowhere, solid chrome rings linking and unlinking with utmost ease: this is "standard stuff" for the conjurer. Magicians have been astonishing audiences for millennia, and the work of current stars, David Copperfield, Doug Henning, and Harry Blackstone, Jr., has reawakened interest in this ancient art form. In recent years some clergy have applied this art form to ministry. Gospel magic, as it's sometimes called, has grown in popularity; and some ministers, such as Andre Kole, have produced major magic shows to teach a religious message.

Presto

For the past ten years I have frequently drawn from the resources of magic to enhance my ministry in the chaplaincy. Magic, performed in good taste, can be a valuable "multiplier" in the chaplain's work. The purpose of this article is to share some of my observations about magic in ministry and to offer resources to chaplains who may already use magic or who would like to explore this unusual and effective tool. Though I shall describe certain specific effects and how they can be applied in a religious context, the reader should realize that no verbal description can capture the beauty, the wonder, or the "magic" of the actual event. As with any art form, words do not convey the experience.

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Abracadabra

A well-performed magic feat is a powerful device for emphasizing a religious point. With physical movement, color, and surprise, it is the epitome of visual illustration. The paradox of magic, the concrete defying the laws of physical science and nature, seizes the viewer's attention. Such an illusion can be a living parable—to be remembered longer than stories, anecdotes, jokes or poems—an illusion to be discussed, dissected and deliberated long after the homily has faded.

There are many ways to use magic in a religious context. I have found magic suitable in four specific situations: children's sermons, prayer breakfasts, as a speaker's aid, and in individual soldier visitation and ministry.

The children's sermon is perhaps the most natural place to employ magical illustrations. Magic brings wonder and joy to children, it maintains their undivided attention, and it delivers a message in a tangible and spectacular way. A short magical children's sermon can be very effective in worship if it is presented just before the main homily. This is true especially if it highlights some point or theme to be given in the larger homily. By coordinating the children's sermon with the larger adult homily, a synergistic effect is created. The magic "trick" becomes a valid part of the service rather than only drawing attention to itself or to the magician/chaplain.

The "Lotta-water Vase" is one good example of a children's illustration. In this illusion a vase of water is emptied into a bucket. Seconds later, and with no resupply, the vase is emptied again . . . and again . . . and again! The water in the vase appears to be inexhaustible; the more water that is poured, the more there is to pour. Children always find the impossibility humorous, and with this magic they are brought to the edge of their seats and often to their feet. The "Lotta-water Vase" can be used to illustrate the infinite nature of God's love or how man's love for his fellow man can be self-replicating. Each time water is poured the chaplain might recite this phrase from a popular children's song: "Love is something if you give it away, you end up having more." Of course, in presenting these ideas the chaplain will want to adapt the vocabulary to the children's level. The magic beautifully supports the message.

The children's sermon is as much for the adults as it is for the youngsters. Adults will frequently comment—perhaps with tongue in cheek—that they get more from the children's sermon than they do from the homily. My usual reply is that I planned it that way. The children's sermon is for children of all ages—up to 98. The jest is intended, but the statement is true.

I have frequently presented a "Magical Prayer Breakfast." This is more than simply the traditional prayer breakfast. The message in the "Magical Prayer Breakfast" is delivered through a series of magical illustrations built on some central theme. In this

context, for example, magic is well suited to a discussion of such themes as the paradoxes of faith. How one can be misled by what appears to be real as opposed to that which is eternal (The way of God vs. the way of the world). Key Biblical truths such as freedom from bondage to sin offer other inviting possibilities. Using visual mysteries to illustrate "Mysteries of Faith" is an effective way to waken interest in the vitality and depth of a God-centered life.

What could have been a humdrum sermonette is made to sparkle—with magic. With magic, there is never a problem gaining and maintaining the soldier's interest. With magic, the window of receptivity is opened, and it is easy to slip home an intended spiritual application.

In the world of magic there is a subtle prop called "In Box-Out Box." The magician shows a small blue plastic box that contains a smaller white plastic box. The smaller white box is opened, and the larger blue box is placed inside it. Quite impossible, yet it happens . . . dramatically calling to mind the paradox that God dwells in us while at the same time "in him we live and move and have our being." (When presenting this to aviators I usually tell them that these boxes will be used in their next flight physical to test their spatial and depth perception.)

Magic props can be used to enhance any speech. The settings are unlimited: ladies' groups, school assemblies, human relations classes, professional development seminars and even staff meetings. A moral or ethical point can be made gently and humorously in nearly any secular context through magic.

The "Stretching Rope" is suited ideally to emphasize such traditional values as truthfulness and honesty. A twelve inch rope is shown and then slowly stretched to twice its length. The speaker continues to stretch it more and more until it is seven or eight feet long! The rope can be thrown to the audience to be examined. If the small rope represents "the truth," then this illusion shows it's easy "to stretch the truth" until the truth is no longer the truth. Once truth or personal integrity is compromised, it can seldom be reclaimed. I once had a commander tell me he was so moved by this illustration that he vowed to correct a falsehood he had been living for some time. In this case a simple "trick" opened an important door to truth and to ministry.

As the chaplain moves among soldiers in his one-to-one ministry, "pocket tricks" can be an effective aid in establishing rapport. Simple props are great discussion starters and give the chaplain a unique entree into the soldier's world. Card tricks are especially useful. Cards are everywhere—in the day room, at the motor pool, on the CQ's desk, in the field, by the hospital bed. A well-done-impossibility with cards can be what magicians call a "reputation builder." It isn't necessary or appropriate to attach a

message or religious point to every card trick, but the freedom to do so is always there.

One outstanding, quick, slick trick is to snatch a selected card from mid-air. Someone selects a card and returns it to the pack. The pack is thrown into the air and the magician/chaplain grabs the selected card from the fifty-two that are flying about. The effect of pulling the card from the air is powerful, especially if the chaplain adds this insight: "No matter how much I feel lost or abandoned in this world, God always seems to find me and draw me back to His love." (To maintain a good reputation the chaplain should help pick up at least half of the fifty-one cards that were thrown about when this trick is performed.)

Now You See Them, Now You Don't

There are several myths that might deter an otherwise interested chaplain from seriously considering incorporating this art form into his ministry. One myth says that it takes tremendous manual dexterity to perform magic. A second is that good tricks are extremely complicated to perform. The third is that it is difficult to discover good magic secrets. These beliefs betray a misunderstanding of what is really required for doing magic. With adequate practice and interest, any chaplain could enhance ministry with effective magic.

It is true that some effects require great manual dexterity, however the vast majority of magic available today does not. If a person can tie a shoe or flip a coin, he possesses enough dexterity to perform awesome magic. "The hand is quicker than the eye," is simply untrue. An eye can follow a hand no matter how fast it moves! Certainly some professional performers have developed superb manipulative ability, but such skill is not necessary to perform thoroughly amazing magic feats. (Some physical therapists teach magic tricks to their patients who are handicapped or disabled.) All effects require some practice, but there are literally hundreds of marvelous tricks that can be mastered with minimal skill and time. With practice anyone can do magic.

Another myth says that good magic is complicated. In fact, most great magic is profoundly simple. The more effective a trick, the simpler its secret. Houdini's famous trick, "Walking through a Solid Brick Wall," was profoundly easy to perform, yet with it Houdini convinced audience after audience that he could dematerialize and materialize his body at will.

An old adage says, "Magicians never give away their secrets." Though most magicians will not freely divulge their methods, it is far from true that secrets are difficult to obtain. An interested chaplain needs only to visit the magic section of the local library or large bookstore. Most post libraries have a substantial collection of

books on magic and how to do it. Many of these books teach the reader how to create magnificent magic from ordinary household articles.

Another source for secrets is the magic shop. Every large city has at least one magic shop, and it can be found by consulting the Yellow Pages of the telephone directory under "Magician Supplies." At the magic shop the aspiring conjurer/chaplain can secure a plethora of props and secrets. Outstanding tricks can be purchased for less than $5.00. If one wants to get more sophisticated, the sky's the limit. Many larger magic stores offer catalogue sales. Although buying from a catalogue is ideal for someone stationed overseas, I would caution against buying any trick based on its description in a catalogue. Since descriptions can be misleading, I purchase only standard items or effects with which I am familiar from catalogues.

Magic shops are not only a source of props and paraphernalia, they are also a great place to learn the finer points of the trade. Most shops are owned and operated by magicians who are happy to share their art with someone who wishes to practice it seriously. It's true that they will not volunteer their secrets indiscriminately, but I have found that shop owners are usually eager to offer suggestions and to demonstrate ways to improve the performance of a given effect. If you identify yourself as a chaplain, most shop owners will proffer tricks that are most popular with "gospel magicians," and many may be able to supply the names of local clergymen who use magic in their ministries. Nearly all shops will provide personal instruction for any effect purchased.

Any chaplain who wishes to practice can enhance his or her ministry with effective magic. The important point is practice! It is not enough to learn a secret and to have a go at it in public. The unforgivable sin for a magician is to blow a trick. Audiences will usually have sympathy for a singer who hits a sour note or for an actor who drops a line, but if a magician divulges a secret through mishandling a trick, there is no magic and no forgiveness. A trick must be practiced until the performer can handle it smoothly and naturally. Then, and only then, should the trick be performed. Confidence is the key to the magician's success, and confidence can be gained only by working alone until the effect has been mastered. Then it can be performed for a few friends or family members and finally before the public.

No Hocus Pocus

Any art form can enhance or detract from ministry and the worship experience. A good singer can lift one's spirit and a poor one may only reinforce the maxim that silence is golden. It's the same with the

chaplain who chooses to employ the magical arts in his ministry. A few words of caution are in order.

First, there is the danger that in some people's minds magic may be connected with evil forces. Though this risk is minimal, there are individuals who are very sensitive about anything that might resemble witchcraft. Theater magic may have had its origin in the occult, but most people realize that the two are worlds apart today. The chaplain does well to emphasize that what he is doing is entertainment and that neither superhuman powers nor strange forces are involved. It is best to divorce clearly the effect being done from the world of miracles and from the supernatural. In a religious context confusing magic with special powers would be a serious error.

Second, certain effects are inappropriate in ministry. For example, the chaplain should avoid working with fire or other dangerous items in a children's sermon. Children tend to imitate, and the risks are obvious. Playing cards may be inappropriate before certain audiences and in some places. When I am invited to perform magic ministry in a church, I always ask if there is any objection to my using playing cards. On occasion, I have been asked not to use them. It is better to check these matters out before beginning than to offend the audience or to detract from the intended ministry.

A third caution involves performing magic for magic's sake. The chaplain's purpose for using magic, as in using any other art form, is to facilitate bringing "man to God and God to man." The temptation to "show your stuff" or to "wow" the congregation must be avoided altogether. The chaplain who falls into this trap simply becomes a performer, and performance for its own sake is better left to the professional magician. Before using any magical effect ask: "How will this effect support the religious truth I want to convey?" and "How will doing this help me minister more effectively to my people?" It is easy to use magic as a gimmick; more difficult to use it as a tool for illustrating sacred truths. The chaplain's authenticity is a serious matter, and credibility will be lost if the chaplain seeks to bring attention to himself rather than to God. The magic effect must never overshadow the meassage. The effect may illustrate powerfully some truth, but it should be done in such a way that people will remember the message not simply the trick.

A fourth pitfall relates specifically to children's sermons. Never, never, never assume that children can be fooled easily. Quite the opposite is true. Children are a much more difficult audience than adults; youngsters are often far more perceptive than adults and show no mercy if they think they have discovered a trick's secret. Since working before kids is the toughest of all challenges, it is critical for the chaplain/magician to have mastered fully an effect before it is brought to these very special people.

Many resources are available to the chaplain who wishes to employ this art form in ministry. Two films by magician/evangelist Andre Kole will spark interest among viewers. Complete magic shows are performed in the films to present a religious message. As with any audio-visual aid, previewing prior to showing is highly recommended. By previewing the films, the chaplain can determine if he can employ these films comfortably within the bounds of his own theology. "The World of Illusion" is available through Campus Crusade for Christ, Arrowhead Springs, San Bernadino, CA 92414; and the "World of Seance" is available through Gospel Witness Films, 295 Hayden St., NW, Atlanta, GA 30313.

Hundreds of magic books are on the market. Most magic shops will have a large collection, and most large bookstores will offer several standard works. *The Amateur Magician's Handbook* by Henry Hay is one of the best single volumes in the field. It presents secrets from all realms of magic and offers numerous performance tips. John Scarne has published two books of special value. *Scarne's Magic Tricks* presents basic mysteries that are simple to do and easy to make. Because the book assumes the reader has little experience with magic, it is ideal for the beginner. *Scarne on Card Tricks* is probably the best single volume on the subject. It presents superb card magic that requires no sleight of hand. These books are available at paperback bookstores. For someone who wants to take magic seriously *The Tarbell Course in Magic* (a seven volume set) is available in magic stores.

There are also numerous books and booklets on using magic in ministry, but the ones I have seen are only of minimal help. They are most useful if the chaplain takes them as a source to stimulate his thinking on how to apply magical illustrations within the bounds of his own religious perspective. I am rarely comfortable using material directly from these books; I usually modify the suggestions before I can use them with confidence. Another disadvantage is that most of these works assume the reader owns the standard magical props. For a beginner, such books are worthless unless he wishes to make a sizable investment in purchasing these props. Probably the best single resource is *Spiritual Applications for Tarbell I* by Jule Miller. It is available through magic shops and assumes that the reader owns the first volume of *The Tarbell Course in Magic.* By purchasing both volumes the chaplain will have an excellent book on magic and a resource book on how to apply that magic to ministry. The latter is best used when the chaplain tailors its suggestions to his own personality and theology.

Poof!

Magic is an art form that can be useful for enhancing ministry. Its application depends upon the chaplain's imagination and personality. Magic must be used carefully; or it can easily overshadow the chaplain's message. The chaplain's authenticity as a person is also a key consideration. Is the chaplain using the art to present truth through his personality or is the chaplain using it as a cheap gimmick to bring attention to himself? Viewers, especially soldiers, will easily spot the difference. With thought and with some creativity the chaplain can use magic to add an extra dimension to his ministry.

I cannot over emphasize this last important point: practice is essential. Practice makes all the difference between a presentation with polish or making a flimsy attempt to fool someone else. The great British magician John Mulholland said, "Magic is the art of creating illusion agreeably." The chaplain who remembers this in his ministry with magic will open exciting new avenues in his service to God.

Female Frustration
Invading The World Of Tennessee Williams

Chaplain (LTC) Ignatius W. Butler

> The sun's going down.
> He's seduced by the harlot of darkness . . . Now she has got him, they're copulating together! The sun is exhausted, the harlot has taken his strength and now she will start to destroy him.[1]

Tennessee Williams penned the above words in 1941 for one of his early one act plays. The words seem to set the pace in style and theme for the forty years of writing which followed. In the theater world created and invaded by Williams, the male is the weaker of the sexes. Femininity ruling supreme is his watch word. The female is strong and possessive; the male is weak and vulnerable.

> Young men are for the most part beautiful and fawn-like; an occasional rough customer turns up, but in the end, he, too, is revealed as beautiful and fawnlike . . .[2]

Williams peoples his country with strong, dominating females who act out the role of the conqueror and reduce the male to a pawn molded at their mercy. Chance Wayne has fleeting moments of glory, Big Daddy only seemingly dominates and Stanley Kowalski, at most, has

[1] Tennessee Williams, *I Rise In Flame, Cried The Phoenix*, p. 19, New York, New Directions, 1951.

[2] Marion Magid, "The Innocence of Tennessee Williams" *Commentary*, 35:34, January, 1963.

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a shallow victory. In reality, it is Alexandra who triumphs, Maggie who turns the tables, and Blanche who retains her dignity. Williams' world is a female world and at variance with the mores of our civilization and culture.

> The country does not observe the traditional Western sexual orientation which involves the pursuit of the female by the male; instead, its young men reluctantly allow themselves to be had on those occasions when there is no way of avoiding it . . . They are right in general to be of two minds regarding the sexual embrace, for it is as often as not followed by the direct consequences: cannibalism, castration, burning alive, madness, surgery in various forms ranging from lobotomy to hysterectomy, depending on the nature of the offending organ.[3]

Among contemporary playwrights, Williams stands apart as the champion of the female. Arthur Miller is concerned predominantly with the male of the species, and William Inge gives equal time to his men and women characters. Even Eugene O'Neill evens the score. Williams' women, although neurotic and frustrated, have become the perennial favorites of his loyal clientele.

> No American playwright has equaled Tennessee Williams in creating a succession of moving and fiery heroines, ladies who love not wisely but too well, ladies who are crushed by cruel circumstances, ladies who are lost in false dreams . . . . Williams has introduced a new kind of heroine to the world . . . . She is a creature of high emotional voltage, often on the fringe of respectability, but more sinned against than sinning. She is inclined to reflect Williams' own criticism of society. Her healthy sexual fulfillment is sometimes inhibited by forces beyond her control, and she may be a victim of bogus gentility or bitter prejudice in her environment. She is intensely feminine. She is usually compassionate, and she wears her heart on her sleeve with style and gentility.[4]

Being a Southerner by birth, it is not surprising that more often than not Williams' heroines are Southern. His Southern women, however, are neither typical nor charming. Most of them are faded Southern belles, such as Blanche, Amanda and Violet, and Alma, who is destined to be another Blanche. Others such as Laura and Catherine are given some hope of flowering forth, but Maggie hardly possesses

[3] Magid, *op. cit.*, p. 34.

[4] Five Fiery Ladies," *Life*, 50:84, February 3, 1961.

the mark of gentility. Yet "Tennessee Williams' Southern women are vividly, memorably presented . . . "[5] But to be vivid and memorable does not necessarily mean that they are kinsfolk of the audience. Rather "they are untypical, sicklied, abnormal caricatures of a group and a society which, for his own good reasons, he surely must despise or pity or condemn, or all three."[6] Nevertheless these Southern women have made an indelible impression upon the minds of American theatre-goers during the last four decades. They have endured—perhaps because of their lack of conformity—perhaps because of their sensationalism.

Baby Doll Meighan, Marguerite Gautier, Lady Torrance, Serafina della Rose, Alexandra and others present fascinating character studies. All of these women are dominant and eventually rule or ruin their men. Some are of Southern origin; others are not. All are fascinating, but I have chosen to present only a cross-section of these misguided and jaded women. In the course of the plays studied, some are fallen, others fall and small hope remains for the rest. Amanda and Laura Wingfield from "The Glass Menagerie" start the study. The picture grows harsher with the introduction of Blanche from "A Streetcar Named Desire," and Alma from "Summer and Smoke." Still darker grows the image with the emergence of Maggie in "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," and Violet in "Suddenly Last Summer." Catherine, of the same play, is introduced to temper the outbursts of Violet.

> Williams has peopled the U.S. stage with characters whose durable presence stalk the corridors of a playgoer's memory: Amanda Wingfield, the fussy, garrulous gallant mother of *Glass Menagerie; Streetcar's* Blanche DuBois, Southern gentlewoman turned nymphomaniac; . . . Maggie, the scrappy cat on a hot tin roof.[7]

Each heroine will dominate; each heroine will conquer. But it is in conquering that she will fall. Some will survive; but in this survival, punished. Again and again Williams demonstrates that sexual deviation spells disaster.

> A whole group of Williams' plays including some of his most remarkable—*A Streetcar Named Desire, Summer and Smoke, Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* and *Suddenly Last Summer*—is centered on this idea of the terrible punishment that is visited on one because of sexual rejection.[8]

[5] Hodding Carter, "Yes, Tennessee, There *Are* Southern Belles," *The New York Times Magazine*, October 7, 1962, p. 93.

[6] *Ibid.*

[7] Ted Kalem, "The Angel of the Odd," *Time*, 79:53, March 9, 1962.

[8] Arthur Ganz, "The Desperate Morality of the Plays of Tennessee Williams," *American Scholar*, 31:284, Spring, 1962.

Rejection, rape, promiscuity, contempt and competition with homosexuality and alcoholism are some of the plights faced by the author's heroines. Perhaps the threatening lobotomy and the eye-witness exposure to cannibalism are the most severe punishments meted out to the heroines being considered. Wiliams maintains that "there can be no valid moral objection to the exposure of this sort of sin in human nature."[9]

Objectively speaking, one must agree with him for he has set down his credo in unmistakable words.

> I don't believe in "original sin."
> I don't believe in "guilt."
> I don't believe in villians and heroes—
> only in right and wrong ways that individuals have taken, not by choice, but
> by necessity or by still uncomprehended
> influences in themselves, their circumstances and their antecedents.[10]

This article studies seven heroines from the world of Tennessee Williams. All are Southern. Amanda and Laura reside in St. Louis; Blanche, Catherine and Violet live in the shadows of New Orleans; and Maggie and Alma overlook the banks of the Mississippi. All have the surface mark of gentility and certain cultural advantages. Finally, all are frustrated.

Amanda, the Aimless

Harold Clurman, in revisiting "The Glass Menagerie," demands a reevaluation of the work. He claims that the play " . . . for all its melancholy charm, is a slight work to which the finest American actress of our time lent unforgettable fragrance and glow."[11] Slight or not, one must admit that no other play of Williams' has given the viewer such a contrast of character nor actors two such challenging roles for female protagonists. Amanda is by far the more rewarding of the play's two female characters.

> She is a middle-aged southern belle, garrulous and silly, narrow and spinisterish in her attitudes towards life. Wrapped up in delusions of her girlhood conquests, she is often unaware of the realities of the world around her. The picture is as caustic as a Daumier print. Her husband, present only in the blown-up photograph over the mantle, is described as a telephone man who fell in love with long distance and left for good. Years before

[9] That Sweet Bird," *Time*, April 11, 1960.
[10] "Tennessee Williams Descending," *America*, 97:4, April 6, 1957.
[11] Harold Clurman, "Theatre," *Nation*, 199:60, August 10, 1964.

> she had been deluded by his uniform, just as she currently deludes herself about her girlhood and her youthful gentlemen callers, men now grown rich. She keeps reminding her children that a particular Sunday afternoon seventeen gentlemen came to call, an exaggeration typical of delusions. Ironically, she is proud of her conversational talents, as her son and daughter know only too well. It is obvious that for years she has overworked the charm.[12]

Violence underscores the entire play. Amanda is the agressor who has driven her husband from the family home and who forces her son to make the same move. Having failed to dominate her husband and son, Amanda insists upon molding her fragile daughter. Even in this, she will eventually fail. For Amanda, the future will be unbearable. Even the present cannot be faced realistically. The only avenue open to her is the past. That she lives constantly in the past and will continue to do so is her only hope.

> Amanda Wingfield, the mother, lives in a world that is emotionally bounded by the past. Although she quite literally inhabits the present, she is incapable of inhabiting that present other than in terms of the past. Her life as a vivacious Sothern belle can be of significance only if the memory of that life is nourished and kept alive in the fertile earth of her nostalgia. Periodically, she must recall every word, every gesture, every event that took place within the context of her East Tennessee girlhood. Amanda Wingfield can never extricate herself from the past in order to come to terms with the flow of life in the present, or what that present bodes for the future. Since the past for Amanda dominates the present, the future is untenable . . .[13]

With mercy and compassion Williams has allowed Amanda to live in the past. "Her illusions fleetingly liberate her from some of the misery brought on by her poverty and insecurity."[14] No one can despise this woman, a frustrated wife and mother, whose verbose chit-chat is her base of equilibrium. Many have claimed that Amanda represents the mother of the author. " . . . he is frank to admit that the character of Amanda Wingfield derives from his mother."[15] If it

[12] Signi Leanea Falk, *Tennessee Williams*, p. 72, New York, Tawyne Publishers, Inc., 1961.

[13] Sam Bluefarb, "The Glass Menagerie, Three Visions of Time," *College English*, 24:513, April, 1963.

[14] Harold Bassage, *The Moral Problem of Personal Freedom Reflected in Modern American Drama*, p. 50, New York: Columbia University, 1952.

[15] Lincoln Barnett, "Tennessee Williams," *Life*, 24:118, February 16, 1948.

is not a factual likeness of the playwright's mother . . . it is nevertheless an unerring emotional portrait drawn with amazing candor and with great objectivity."[16] Amanda cries out for recognition. Though faded and frustrated, she retains her gentility. She cannot be condemned because she " . . . is restlessly driven to escape the present into roseate dreams of the past as a pampered and popular southern belle."[17] Tennessee Williams has done for Amanda what he has done for few of his female protagonists. He has endowed her with honesty and integrity. "Williams' portrait of Amanda is one of the most compelling and honest he has ever drawn."[18]

Laura, the Lonely

Of the two sad heroines depicted in "The Glass Menagerie," Laura is the sadder. Her problem is even graver than Amanda's.

> Amanda, having failed to establish contact with reality, continues to live vitally in her illusions, but Laura's situation is even graver. A childhood illness has left her crippled, one leg is slightly shorter than the other, and held in a brace . . . . Stemming from this, Laura's separation increases till she is like a piece of her own glass collection, too exquisitively fragile to move from the shelf.[19]

Due to the continuous harping of her mother, Laura has become frustrated, frightened and frigid. At twenty-four she posesses the body of a woman and the mannerisms of a child. Laura is noble and has a greater chance for normality than either her mother or brother. Amanda clings to the past, Tom dreams unrealistically about the future, and Laura alone faces the present.

> Laura, unlike her brother and her mother, *can* face the present—but only to the extent that she recognizes the truth about herself in that present . . . . For Laura sees her lameness as a true debility, even if her mother prefers not to. When Laura surrenders to the timeless world of her glass animals, it is not simply because she wishes to escape from the world of the present into a world of fantasy and delusion, but precisely because she can look the present fully in the face—if only for a

[16] Benjamin Nelson, *Tennessee Williams*, p. 105, New York, Ivn Obolensky, Inc., 1961.

[17] Bassage, *op. cit.*, p. 50.

[18] Neslon, *op. cit.*, p. 106.

[19] Tennessee Williams, *The Glass Menagerie*, "The Characters," New York, Random House, 1945.

> moment—and know it for what it is: an ugly misshapen lameness, which all of Amanda's euphemisms can never eradicate. The moment that Laura comes face to face with the present—the uncertainty, the insecurity of all life in that present—she turns and runs away. For it has been her experience to see the present not as the stairway leading to those stars of higher hope, but as a broken, clutter basement of all that is ugly, misshappen, and hopeless. It is the present, with its shattered hope, that lies smashed, no longer a cohesive unit, around her.[20]

There is some hope given for Laura—at least more than is normally offered to Williams' heroines. Hope lies in her ability to flee her environment and from the domination of Amanda. As long as she remains in the parental entrapment, her frustration will encompass her and perhaps eventually devour her. An understanding father could have staved off her inability to cope with people and her fear of the opposite sex.Her only world has been female orientated. When this image has been broken and shattered, the future will hold hope.

Blanche, the Broken

> . . . The Parisian "Un Tramway Nomme' Desire" was greeted by the most intense critical revulsion since the days when critics and playwrights duelled at dawn in the Bois de Boulogne. All of which means, needless to say, that it is the greatest smash in European memory.[21]

Greatness attributed to a play must be due to many factors. In the case of "A Streetcar Named Desire," the characterization of Blanche DuBois is the key.

> *A Streetcar Named Desire* is an extremely objective play and much of its greatness lies precisely in this objectivity. But much of its beauty and power lie in the answer to the question asked at the beginning of this analysis: with whom do the author's sympathies lie? I do not possibly see how they could favor anyone but Blanche DuBois.[22]

Mr. Williams, as in his earlier play, focuses his attention on the South and again chooses as his heroine a frustrated woman. This time, Blanche DuBois is his leading character. She is sexually maladjusted and nearly insane.

[20] Bluefarb, *op. cit.*, pp. 516-7.
[21] "Tale of 3 Cities," *Theatre Arts*, 34:35, January, 1950.
[22] Nelson, *op. cit.*, p. 149.

> The stage action of *A Streetcar Named Desire,* still Williams' finest play, consists almost entirely of the punishment that its heroine, Blanche DuBois, endures as atonement for her act of rejection . . . . Not realizing that she is describing the crime that condemns her, Blanche tells Mitch of her discovery that her adored husband was a homosexual and of the consequences of her disgust and revulsion.[23]

Following the suicide of her husband, Blanche becomes a prostitute. At the same time she poses under the respectable facade of a school teacher. This image is shattered when she is denounced for solicitation. As the play unfolds, she is seeking sanctuary with her sister and her crude, uncouth husband, Stanley Kowalski. It is the uneducated Stanley who uncovers the falsity under the ladylike veneer of Blanche and sexually attacks her. "By becoming Blanche's destroyer, Kowalski also becomes the avenger of the homosexual husband."[24]

> I doubt if any woman in any American play has been drawn more unsparingly than is Blanche DuBois, the school teacher whose gradual descent into madness is followed in *A Streetcar Named Desire*. Strindberg could not have been more ruthless in dealing with selfishness. He, however, would have hated her, where Mr. Williams, without pleading for her, understands—and would have us understand—what has brought about her decline. He passes no moral judgment. He does not condemn her. He allows her to destroy herself and invites us to watch her in the process.[25]

Blanche is Williams' most perfectly realized female. She destroys her husband, by whom she is revulsed because of his abnormality. Trying to forget her lack of compassion, she sells her body. When she is forced to the sanctuary of her sister's home, she loses her only chance for sanity and happiness by her superior airs. It is she who forces Stanley into his attack. In bringing about the sexual conquest she destroys herself. Her punishment is the resulting insanity.

In depicting Blanche, the author has given us his most scathing portrait of a frustrated female. Her only close rivals are Margaret and Violet, whom we will view in time. She is pathetic and more than hateful. She is graceful, yet horrifying. In her madness she is still commanding. Blanche is her own executioner and seals her own doom.

[23] Ganz, *op. cit.*, p. 248.

[24] Ibid. p. 286.

[25] John Mason Brown, *Dramatis Personae*, p. 92, New York, The Viking Press, 1963.

> In *A Streetcar Named Desire*, Williams has depicted profoundly the origins and growth of schizophrenia. He has shown Blanche struggling to master her conflicting drives of sex and *super-ego*, to live up to an inner image of a belle of the old South while living in circumstances in which it is an anachronism. At first she is in rebellion against her own nature but in touch with reality. As the various doors of escape are closed to her and she finds Stanley across her one remaining path, her mind is unable to cope with this impossible conflict. She closes the door to reality and escapes to a psychotic world where gallant gentlemen will give her shelter.[26]

Alma, the Artless

> The idea of a woman coming to terms with life, and shattering the image which is no longer possible in the disintegration of society and the death of the old aristocracy, is the theme of *A Streetcar Named Desire* and is also developed in *Summer and Smoke*.[27]

If Blanche were looking for a kindred soul in the female world of Williams, she would most probably select as her companion, Alma Winemuller.

> Before her marriage to the poetic boy with homosexual tendencies, Williams seems to suggest, Blanche might have been like this girl, Alma Winemuller, delicate, refined, sensitive, interested in the "finer things of life"—yet strongly sexual (although this is largely unconscious). As a defense mechanism against her sexuality she develops a kind of prissiness, nervous laughter, prudery, and sometimes symptoms as well: fast heartbeat, the sensation of her fingers being frozen when she is in panic, and swallowing air which gives her indigestion. Alma's mother is a psychotic who has regressed to petulant childhood, demanding ice-cream cones like a spoiled child as her price for staying out of her husband's way. Alma is prematurely spinster-ish because she has had to substitute for her mother at her father's rectory. The preacher has been overly strict with his daughter, objecting even to her singing; we see within Alma at the beginning the seeds of the same

[26] W. David Sievers, *Freud On Boadway*, p. 379, New York, Hermitage House, 1955.

[27] Frederick Lumley, *Trends in 20th Century Drama*, p. 195,London, Barrier and Rockliff, 1961.

devastating conflict between physical desire and a stern *super-ego* which overwhelmed Blanche DuBois.[28]

Chronologically *Summer and Smoke* was written prior to *A Streetcar Named Desire*, even though its production followed on Broadway. This is perhaps why Blanche emerges as the far stronger protagonist.

Once again we are placed in the South and exposed to the theme of frustration. Alma is the fragile, frigid female driven to frustration. Like Laura, her problems stem from her environment. Her mother is not the commanding but rather the regressed. It is her father who has contributed to her frustration. Williams dwells on rejection and atonement in this play. The rejection is Alma's insistence on maintaining her virginity prior to marriage and warding off the amorous advances of the boy next door. Her atonement spells rejection for her. When her sexual urges have been awakened, the man of her dreams has vanished into the arms of another. Unfortunately, she is driven to the same compulsion endured by Blanche—promiscuity. Because her crime was less severe in the eyes of the author, it appears that her penalty will not be as severe as that meted out to Blanche.

> A variant on the act of rejection is performed in Scene Six of *Summer and Smoke*. The characters are similar to those already encountered: the frail, spinsterish Southern girl with her sensuality repressed by a puritanical background; the man who is seeking spiritual relief through a sexual union. Like many of Williams' characters, he needs love as relief from solitude. At one point, while giving Alma an ironic anatomy lecture, he shouts, "This part down here is the sex—which is hungry for love because it is sometimes lonesome." At the crucial moment she rejects his advances and rushes off. Although Alma, like Blanche has sinned and must atone, she has not sinned out of cruelty nor has she caused the death of her lover. After he passed through his spiritual crisis and found a wife and a place in the world, Alma realizes what she has done. Like Blanche she is condemned to be tormented by the urges she has turned away from, and like Blanche she turns to promiscuity, but because her sin has been somewhat mitigated by her realization of it there is a suggestion at the end of the play that the traveling salesman she has picked up may lead to salvation rather than destruction.[29]

[28] Sievers, *op. cit.*, pp. 380-1.
[29] Ganz, *op. cit.*, p. 286.

Maggie, the Motherless

> A cat on a hot tin roof is a creature that has got himself into a predicament where all it can do is dance up and down in anguish and yowl. Translated into human terms . . . this human anguish goes on in every private world, Mr. Williams dramatically tells us, and never can we quite break through and impart our frustrations to our fellow beings, whether wife or husband, parents or brothers. It's every creature for himself on his own roof.[30]

With the above passage to set the scene, we pass on to a consideration of another frustrated female. This time we are brought face to face with Maggie, the cat. Maggie is the most feline of the females drawn by Williams. She is the defensive, stalking cat of the title. "Cat On A Hot Tin Roof" presents Williams' most unlady-like heroine.

> To place her in the line of beautiful and ineffectual idealists who cannot find a place in an alien world is to completely misunderstand her and underestimate her. Margaret has sprung from the wrong side of the tracks, "poor as Job's turkey," and has clawed her way to her present position which she will fight viciously to keep even if her struggle means destroying the illusions of her husband and creating illusions for her father-in-law.[31]

Margaret Pollitt has all the characteristics of a mother cat. She is jumpy, protective and scrappy. Her only non-attribute is her lack of motherhood. That she is on a hot tin roof is her own fault. She has destroyed the homosexual friend of her husband and driven her own husband, Brick, to the point of alienation. His only mistress is the bottle.

Maggie is frustrated but far from defeated. She is still in there fighting. In her own words we see what she means: "But one thing I don't have is the charm of the defeated, my hat is still in the ring, and I am determined to win."[32] That Maggie achieves victory is obvious as the play draws to a conclusion. Employing the tool used by every member of the Pollitt family, she engages in mendacity. Feigning pregnancy, she forces her husband to go to bed with her to set the mendacious story straight. At most it can only be a shallow victory. Brick has been compromised at the expense of his father's

[30] Richard P. Cooke, "Expert Frustration," *Wall Street Journal*, March 28, 1955.

[31] Nelson, *op. cit.*, p. 203.

[32] Tennessee Williams, *Cat on Hot Tin Roof*, p. 15, New York, New Directions, 1955.

happiness. It appears that inheritance is more important to Maggie than motherhood. Since motherhood is the means to the family fortune, Maggie resorts to this line of attack.

One critic asserts that "Maggie the Cat is the best in Williams' gallery of jumpy Southern women, a more detailed psychologically accurate protrait than Blanche, whom she somewhat resembles."[33] It is granted that she is desperate and frustrated as Blanche. The analogy ends there. 'Margaret is no relative, not even distant to Blanche Dubois."[34] "Blanche du Bois and Margaret share certain attributes, notably strongly passionate natures, but they are really as unlike as a moth and an eagle."[35]

Tennessee Williams undoubtedly enjoyed drawing his portrait of Maggie. Although she was Southern, she differs from all other characters in this study through her definite lack of gentility. It is obvious that Williams likes her; but the "greatest lady of (his) life" is still Blanche DuBois.[36]

> In some respects Blanche, who went to the madhouse, was the most rational of all the characters I've created, and in almost all ways, she was the strongest. She certainly fought on a much more desperate field than Maggie the Cat fights on, she fought with all the odds against her and with unfailing valor, with gallantry that persisted and even reached its peak at final curtain. It must be obvious to anyone that I prefer her to Maggie the Cat, though I have great admiration for both ladies.[37]

Violet, the Violent

In one of the more successful plays of Tennessee Williams, two women are pitted against each other. We return to the problem first introduced in "The Glass Menagerie." In "Suddenly Last Summer" two females spar against each other. The older is completely frustrated, and the younger is in danger of becoming frustrated. Rather than the mother-daughter duel of the former play, we are confronted with an aunt-niece conflict. But we are in the South, and we have sexual aberrations again. "Here again the theme is sexual maladjustment in a luxurious mansion in New Orleans . . . "[38]

[33] Magid, *op. cit.*, p. 40.

[34] Nelson, *op. cit.*, p. 202.

[35] Arthur B. Watters, "Tennessee Williams: Ten Years Later," *Theatre Arts*, 39:73, July, 1955.

[36] Tennessee Williams, "Letters," *Theatre Arts*, 39:3, October, 1955.

[37] Tennessee Williams, "Letters," *Theatre Arts*, 39:3, October, 1955.

[38] Lumley, *op. cit.*, pp. 199-200.

> In *Suddenly Last Summer*, a recent short play and one of Williams's best, the poet is destroyed as usual, but this time before the curtain opens and in peculiarly horrible manner—killed, torn apart, and eaten by beggar boys. The ostensible conflict in the play is between a female cousin, who had witnessed the event and is now thought mad, and the poet's mother, who refuses to believe the girl's story of the poet's corruption and death; a doctor's whose speciality is lobotomy, decides the issue.[39]

Violet Venable is the female counterpart of Big Daddy Pollitt, a wealthy matriarch who has dominated her son for forty years. Money and travel were their gods. During the one summer that his mother did not accompany him, Sebastian died suddenly and unexpectedly.

> Sebastian, we learn from his mother, had written one poem a summer for twenty-five summers. He was a poet, she tells the doctor, because his life was his work and his work was his life. Each year mother and son traveled and each year, after nine months preparation, he created a poem as a monument to his life. But the previous summer, for the first time, he went abroad without his mother; he went with his cousin Catherine and he died.[40]

For twenty four summers Mrs. Venable was used by her son. He was a homosexual and was using his mother as a procuress. Yet she " . . . describes herself and her son as a famous couple who were known as Sebastian and Violet."[41] The refusal to believe what she must know in her heart forces her to submit Catherine to untold agony and a possible lobotomy. So violent is Violet that she turns Catherine's mother and brother against the defenseless girl. This is not too difficult to establish as they are avaricious and are threatened to be cut off from a $100,000 legacy. Her greatest adversary is the young doctor selected to examine the girl.

> Mrs. Venable's money poses a threat to the girl; the older woman promises the psychiatrist, Dr. Cukrowicz, to establish a Sebastian Venable Memorial Foundation for his special use if he will stop the girl's babbling about her knowledge of Sebastian's way of life.[42]

[39] Donald Justice, "The Unhappy Fate Of The Poetic", *Poetry*, 93:403, March, 1959.

[40] Nelson op, *cit.*, p. 245.

[41] Falk, *op. cit.*, p. 150.

[42] Falk, *op. cit.*, p. 150.

Violet always ruled and never knew what it meant to acquiesce. Just when she feels she has convinced the doctor of Catherine's insanity, the tables are turned on her. "The foolish poetry of her life is destroyed by the doctor's guarded acceptance of the girl's story."[43]

The final line of the play is the most devastating. It is soft and quiet, yet the most explosive line of the whole play. Dr Cukrowicz simply states, "I think we ought at least to consider the possibility that the girl's story could be true."[44] These few words shatter the illusion and break completely the spirit of this violent and vicious woman. This is her punishment—a punishment long overdue and one which evokes no compassion.

Catherine, the Companion

> Catherine Holly is the rarest specimen in the entire literary jungle of Tennessee Williams: she is a normal human being. A decent, intelligent girl, neither oversexed nor frustrated, a girl with a passion for truth-telling, she is indeed an extraordinary creature and one out of place in this particular coterie of grotesques.[45]

Catherine Holly is pitted aganst Violet Venable. If she is to remain normal and achieve happiness in this life, it is absolutely necessary that she retaliate and demand that her story be accepted. Should her story be rejected, she will be doomed. Presently she is frustrated and subjected to untold agony. Her only salvation lies in destroying her Aunt Violet. She is placed in a position which demands her own self defense. "The report of the poet's death comes from (this) nerve-frayed female cousin who accompanied him on his last trip as he searched for exotic and homosexual experiences."[46]

Attributes seldom found in the female world of Williams were given to Catherine. She was young, charming and happy. A trip abroad definitely would have enhanced her education. But during this trip she was to discover what Cousin Sebastian's true nature was and to be exposed to humiliating experiences.

> Sebastian's problem was obscured as long as his mother served as a shield. When Mrs. Venable suffered a stroke and was replaced by Catherine, the girl soon discovered his sickness. Separated from his dominating mother he went to pieces; he no longer wrote; he substituted the apparently elegant youths who followed him with ragged

[43] Justice, *op cit.*

[44] Tennessee Williams, *Suddenly Last Summer*, p. 93, New York, Signet Books, 1964.

[45] Falk, *op. cit.*, p. 151.

[46] John Gassner, *Theatre at the Crossroads*, p. 227. New York, Holt, Reinehart and Winston, 1960.

> urchins; his moral deterioration becomes even more obvious when he makes the girl a white lisle one-piece bathing suit which becomes transparent when wet—she was to serve as procuress, as his mother unconsciously did before her. Both the mother and the girl, neither of them shy as was Sebastian, attracted what he wanted.[47]

So the story is related and credibility is given to Catherine's story by the doctor. It is conceivable that her frustrations will soon vanish and that in her return to normal life she will find true happiness. Catherine is unique among the heroines considered in this paper. She alone is able to flee frustration. Laura, perhaps, is her only kindred soul. In both these cases it is absolutely necessary that the matriarch be dethroned and the subservient be acknowledged. Whereas some hope is anticipated for Laura; certain hope is the lot of Catherine.

Conclusion

"So in these stories people collide with harsh experience and are shattered, but they seem the only ones worth recording."[48] Frustration rules supreme. Males are weak; females are strong. Males are seduced; females seduce. According to Williams, " . . . no significant area of human experience and behavioral reaction to it should be held inaccessible provided it is presented with honest intention and taste . . . "[49]

> *The Glass Menagerie* an unusual Williams play in that sex has no part of it; the plays that follow it add up to a kind of sexual smorgasbord, if Sebastian will forgive the phrase. Williams seems to use sex in two different ways. The most characteristic, the one that is most identified with his work, is desperation sex, which gives the plays the lurid ingredients that probably help make them popular—nymphomania, rape, homosexuality voyeurism, prostitution (male and female, in and out of marriage), and flagellation.[50]

Amanda Wingfield is the most memorable of his ladies, due primarily to a great actress making a good role a better one. Laura Wingfield is his most delicate and lonely creature. Blanche DuBois is still his favorite female and his best-drawn character. Alma Winemuller reminds us of a young Blanche. Maggie, the Cat, represents his most

[47] Falk, *op. cit.*, p. 152.

[48] Paul Engle, "Locomotive Named Reality," *New Republic,* 132:26, January 24, 1955.

[49] Tennessee Williams, "Presents His POV," *The New York Times Magazine*, June 12, 1960, p. 78.

[50] Gerald Weales, *American Drama Since World War II*, p. 26, Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc., 1962.

agile and fiery female. Violet Venable has the mark of gentility possessed by Blanche and violence even surpassing that of Maggie's. Catherine Holly is the one sure symbol of hope found among these hapless females.

> It does not follow that Williams does justice to his potentialities. If he would but bring half of his mature talent to writing today a play of such simple sympathy and modest loveliness as *The Glass Menagerie* there would be no one alive except O'Casey to rival him.[51]

As late as 1960 Tennessee Williams gave hope that a new era was about to begin.

> Bestiality still exists, but I don't want to write about it any more. I want to pass the rest of my life believing in other things. For years I was too preoccupied with the destructive impulses. From now on I want to be concerned with the kinder aspects of life.[52] Tennessee Williams died on February 25, 1983. It may be that Mr. Williams spent his last days concerned with the kinder aspects of life, but it is certain that he wrote neither of those kinder aspects nor of those harsh ones that had made him America's most improtant playwright for three decades.

[51] Gassner, *op. cit.*, p. 228.

[52] "Unbeastly Williams," Newseek, 55:96, June 27, 1960.

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Telling the Tale: Teaching Lessons Through Stories

Chaplain (CPT) Peter Haas

> Rabbi Menahem Mendel of Kotsk explained how he became a Hasid: "I became a Hasid because in the town where I lived there was an old man who told stories about the great masters. He told what he knew and I heard what I needed.[1]

Storytelling has always been an important tool for religious teaching and preaching. The stories and parables of the New Testament, the mythological tales of the Greek and Roman gods, and the legends of great Jewish Hasidic masters are some examples. Every culture seems to have taught religious values to its children through tales. Yet today we often fail to exploit the teaching and preaching possibilities of storytelling. What are the reasons for this attitude?

We may distrust storytelling in part because of a curious need for sophistication in preaching. Stories are for kids; not for the mature adults who come to worship services to hear our sermons. We think we may insult the adults by telling tales rather than by presenting well constructed discourse. The truth is, of course, that it is not the congregation that has made that judgment; it is the preacher. For whatever reason we seem no longer to feel assured that

[1] Cf. Martin Buber, *The Tales of the Hasidim* (New York: Schocken Books, 1947), Volume II, p. 270.

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the telling of a story can convey a meaningful message.[2] A first step toward reappropriating the art of storytelling is to become aware again of storytelling as an important and effective teaching tool—even for adults. In this article I investigate how the telling of stories functions as a tool for communicating ideas and insights. My methodology is to relate a story and then to analyze how it gets its message across. If we can understand how storytelling operates as a teaching tool, then we may be in a position to make efficient use of the technique again. Toward the end of the article, I will focus on the preaching context particular to the military chaplaincy to see how the strengths of storytelling apply to this environment and mission. As we shall see, storytelling has features which make it an especially attractive tool for use in the military setting.

The Story

When Rabbi Israel Baal Shem Tov saw misfortune threatening, he would go out into a special place in the woods. There he would light a fire in a prescribed way and chant a special prayer asking for God's help. After performing the ritual, he would return to the village, always to find that his request had been granted.

Upon his death, his disciple, the Magid of Mezritch, inherited his position. He, too, was a great rabbi and leader of the community. When he had occasion to intercede with heaven, he, too, would go out to the secret place in the woods as his teacher once did. He, too, recited the special prayer. But he no longer knew how to light the fire. So he would simply recite the prayer and say, "Creator of the Universe, I no longer know how to light the fire, but I still know the place in the woods and I can still say the prayer. That must be sufficient." It always was.

He was followed by Rabbi Moshe Leib of Sasov. Moshe Leib no longer knew even the words of the prayer. So, when the need arose, he would go out to the sacred spot in the woods and say, "Creator of the Universe, my ancestors would come to this spot and build a special fire and say special prayers, and their wishes were always granted. All I know is the location of the place; I no longer know how to light the fire, nor do I remember the words of the prayer. This must be sufficient." And it always was.

Finally, even the location of the sacred spot in the woods was forgotten. When a great master needed to intercede for the people, all

[2] This point is also made by Louis W. Blaende, "Preaching and Story," *The Iliff Review*, Vol. XXXVIII:3 (Fall, 1980), p. 59. "A preacher may spend many hours preparing a carefully worded sermon designed to challenge mature adults. He may spend a relatively short time preparing to tell a simple story to be given as 'the children's sermon.' As the worshippers leave and greet the pastor, he may be thanked by the adults for his sermon, but to his surprise and dismay, it may be the children's sermon that was most appreciated."

he could do was say, "Creator of the Universe, my ancestors would come to a special spot in this woods, light a special fire and recite a certain prayer. I no longer know the place in the woods. The art of kindling the fire is lost, and the words of the prayer are forgotten. All I can do is tell the story. This must be sufficient." And it always was.[3]

Analysis

I propose to analyze the story on two levels. I want to first look at the story as it is told. This is the surface manifestation of the story: its location, a Jewish village in eastern Europe; its characters, a line of distinguished rabbis; and its actions, the going to the woods, the lighting of a ritual fire, praying, etc. Then I want to look at the syntagmatic structure, the basic "plot." I want to see what is happening in the story independent of the specific details. Finally, I want to look at the paradigmatic level, that is, the single proposition that the story tries to teach. As we shall see, this last point will provide the clue we need for accounting for the power of storytelling. But to arrive at that point systematically, we need to start at the beginning.

The narrative discourse level gives the specifics of the story. It tells us where the story happens, when it happens, who the actors are and so forth. These elements make up the story as we hear it. They are, however, the most variable parts of the story. According to Greimas' study of discourse, this surface level is the last stage in the generative trajectory, the logical process by which a story develops from basic message to actual performance.[4] A moment's reflection will illustrate the point. We can change the stage setting entirely without harming the basic story being told. Assume the events described here happened not in the eighteenth century, but in our own decade. Suppose we are talking not of European rabbis but of Polynesian tribal chieftans. Suppose the task is not to build a fire but to carve a certain kind of ceremonial mask. We are telling a very different kind of tale, but the plot is precisely the same. This is not to deny the importance of the story's surface manifestation. After all, these make up the story as I hear or read it. I am surely more likely to accept the moral of the story if it is about rabbis, with whom I identify, than if it is about Polynesian chieftans with whom I do not. There is a strategic need to shape the surface manifestation of a story to match the intended audience's system of values. We shall return to

[3] This story is related as the preface to Eli Wiesel's *Gates of the Forest* (New York: Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 1966).

[4] For a brief review of this series, see A. J. Greimas and J. Courte, *Semiotics and Language* trans. by Larry Crist *et al.* (Bloomington: University of Indiana, 1979), pp. 132ff. A helpful overview can be found in Terrence Hawkes, *Structuralism and Semiotics* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1977), jpp. 87ff.

this point later. It is equally clear, however, that to get at the core of the story, we need to look behind the particular details of its surface manifestation.

We can get to a deeper level of the story by recounting its plot without reference to setting. The story begins with a particular religious act carried out in a carefully prescribed manner. Gradually, our heroes forget how properly to perform the ritual. Instead they tell how the ritual was once done. It turns out that even though parts of the ritual are replaced by storytelling, the effect is the same. In the end, the heroes tell the story and it is as if the whole ritual were meticulously performed.

This brief outline reveals that the story unfolds in three logical stages. It begins with the assumption that performing religious rites properly is important. Step two demonstrates to us that parts of these rituals may be replaced by storytelling with no loss in effectiveness. Step three shows us that the ritual may be entirely replaced by storytelling while maintaining its full power. This analysis allows us to perceive clearly the purpose of the story. It is to move us from one propostion that we all accept—that proper ritual is important—to quite another: telling the story of the ritual can accomplish the same thing.

We can now identify and describe the core tension which generates the story. The opposition here is between performing a worship ritual and telling a story. Or to put a similar tension in slightly different terms, between carefully conducting a religious service with a professionally organized sermon, on the one hand, and simply telling a folktale, on the other. The teller of this tale never claims that proper ritual is unimportant or should be abandoned. This always has effect. But he is telling us that recounting the past has its place as well. In other words, the opposition we suppose exists between these two styles of religious activity is not as important as we think.

The Power of Storytelling

Recounting the story is as important as ritual. This is a striking theological claim. How can I get you to accept it? I could, of course, go after your conscious intellectual assent. That is, I could perform the ritual of teaching in a structured and organized manner. I could compose an academic speech, for example, or organize a class in theology. Alternately, I could take this story's advice and tell you a story. In so doing, I am not, in the first instance, asking for your intellectual assent. I am hoping only at this point to earn your emotional assent. That is, by telling you a story, I am trying to get you to feel that my proposition is true, or at least acceptable. The story allows me to do this because through it I am able to speak symbolically to your convictions about religious ritual. I show you,

through symbols, that activities you always felt were mutually exclusive are not so at all. Through this symbolic manipulation, I am able to get the hearer or reader to "feel" that my claim is correct. I may have to provide intellectual justification later, but I have, at least, begun the process of preparing you to see things in a new way. A story is an important teaching tool because it deals with your personal convictions rather than with abstract intellectual concepts. It asks you to internalize the meaning of a story rather than to assent to an intellectual proposition.[5]

A story speaks personally to the listener, and this quality is perhaps its most important asset as a tool of communication. The following story illustrates the point.

Every evening after prayer, the Baal Shem went to his room. Two candles were set in front of him and the mysterious Book of Creation put on the table among other books. Then all those who needed his counsel were admitted in a body, and he spoke with them until the eleventh hour.

One evening when the people left, one of them remarked as to how much comfort he derived from the words which the Baal Shem had directed to him. But the other told him not to talk such nonsense. Although they had entered the room together, the second claimed the master had spoken to him alone and not to the other. A third, who heard this, joined in the conversation with a smile, saying how curious that both were mistaken for the rabbi had carried on an intimate conversation with him the entire time. Then a fourth and fifth made the same claim, and finally all began to talk at once, each claiming that the Baal Shem had spoken directly to him alone. The next instant they all fell silent.[6]

The story about the forest ritual told at the beginning of this article had its beginning in the need to teach the community a theological truth. The preacher wants to convince his audience that recounting the past can be equivalent, in some cases to elaborate rituals. This goal is probably connected with the struggle in the eighteenth century against an Orthodox rabbinate which demanded ritual correctness above all else. The teller of the tale wanted to

[5] Stories need not always be used to challenge accepted values. Crossan has listed five kinds of tasks a story might perform. "Story establishes world in *myth*, defends such established world in *apologue*, discusses and describes world in *action*, attacks world in *satire*, and subverts world in *parable*." In his scheme, the story under discussion is myth since it helps establish in our minds a new system of reality. cf. John O. Crossan, *The Dark Interval: Towards a Theology of Story* (Niles: Angus, 1975), p. 9.

[6] Cf. Buber, *Tales*, Vol. I, p. 55. "Baal Shem Tov" is the title given to Israel ben Eleazar (1700-1760), the spiritual founder of the modern Hasidic movement. The title means "Master of the Great Name" and probably reflect his reputation as a healer and miracle worker.

convince his audience that simple remembrance also has its place. But how can he convince his audience of this startling assertion? In particular, how can he reach an audience loyal to traditional Orthodoxy? The answer clearly is through a story that juxtaposes the two in such a way that they appear to be compatible after all. We have here the basic idea around which the story can take shape. Next we provide the skeleton. The preacher fashions a basic plot: someone does a ritual strictly according to the law. Gradually various elements are replaced by a recitation that recalls the ritual. Although the actual ritual is not performed, there is no loss in effectiveness. Finally, the ritual is entirely abandoned and only the recitation remains, and God's providence still operates.

The third step is to give the story its narrative structure—its muscles and veins. It is, according to the story, not anyone who performs this action, but a rabbi. It is not with just any activity, but with prayer and ritual. This does not happen just anywhere, but in the midst of the community. The story is about us. In other words, the surface structure of the story makes it possible for the audience to identify with the characters and to recognize that the story is speaking to its situation.[7] As noted earlier, the same plot could have been expressed in any number of ways, but the impact on the audience would be quite different. The outer manifestation of the story, the part I hear, is the medium through which the message is conveyed. The narrative discourse of the story is a vital element in its potency. As long as I can identify with the actors in the story, I am open to being influenced by its message. If the characters are alien, so is the point.[8] In the case of the sermon, it becomes a speech. It may be interesting, but it does not touch me. The Rabbi of Rizhyn is reported to have said: "It is like someone who is ready to split a tree with an axe. He takes a great swing, but misses. So it is when the preacher talks to people in order to inspire their hearts to worship god. They do not hear him, they only admire the cleverness and artfulness of his sermon."[9]

A good story must have a basic tension which it tries to resolve and a surface structure which allows the audience to identify with in order to internalize the point.

[7] The psychological bridge that a story builds between the audience and the teller is coming under increased study. See, for example, Robert McAfee Brown, "Starting Over: New Beginning Points for Theology," *Christian Century*, (May 14, 1980), pp. 547-48. A similar point is made by Howard Schwartz in connection with Nahman of Bratslav, the Hasidic storyteller; *Judaism*, Vol XXI:2 (Spring, 1982), pp. 217f. See also Richard Gardner, *Therapeutic Communications with Children: The Mutual Storytelling Technique* (New York: Science House, 1971).

[8] See L. Shannon Jung, "Ethics and the Image of the Self in the Theology of Story" in *Religion in Life*, Vol. XLVI: 3 (Autumn, 1977), pp. 364-378.

[9] Cf. Martin Buber, *Op. Cit.*, Vol. II, pp. 57-58.

When Storytelling Becomes Important

Belden Lane wrote, "Ask a rabbi a deep theological question, and you are likely not to get a direct answer. You will be told a story."[10] Although this is a generalization, it captures a truth about rabbinic Judaism. Stories have always played an important role in rabbinic preaching and teaching. There is little doubt, however, that the eighteenth century saw a revitalization of Jewish storytelling. Almost all the stories we associate today with rabbis have their roots in the storytelling revival of the eighteenth century. This revival, carried out by wandering storytellers called *maggidim*, fueled the early Hasidic movement, which nurtured great storytellers from Nahman of Bratslav to Elie Wiesel.[11]

Storytelling seems to emerge at times of great social and religious stress when old systems of values and beliefs are outmoded or dysfunctional and no new systems have risen in their place. At these times when old convictions need to be abandoned and new values need to be taught that storytelling comes into its own. This is exactly what we find when we investigate the Hasidic revival of the eighteenth century. Europe at that time was moving out of the Renaissance into the modern age. The social and political dislocations brought on by these changes had especially devastating effects on the Jewish communities of Central and Eastern Europe. These communities had been sheltered by years of discrimination and kept behind ghetto walls. There they had developed their own language, Yiddish, independent of the other European languages. Now suddenly, these people were facing new and unprecedented demands. The old way of life was proving inadequate or unsatisfying. New ways were not understood or thought to be dangerous. The traditional rabbininc leadership was also too often incapable of coping adequately with social change.[12]

At this time the *maggidim* and early Hasidic masters burst into prominence. In their simple ways they effected a massive restructuring of Jewish theology. They succeeded, in part, because of their message. They spoke to the needs and concerns of common people, rather than to the concerns of the intellectual elite. They stressed the

[10]Christian Century 98 (Dec. 16, 1981). p. 1306.

[11] The stories of Nahman of Bratslav have been translated and annotated by Arnold Band as part of the Classics of Western Spirituality series of the Paulist Press. A modern biography of this unusual spiritual leader is Arthur Green, *Tormented Master* (University of Alabama Press, 1979). Two good sources for Hasidic stories and sayings are Meyer Levin Classic *Hasidic Tales* (New York: Citadel, 1966) and Louis Newman *The Hasidic Anthology* (New York: Schocken, 1972).

[12] A good account of the social background to these changes is Jacob Katz, *Out of the Ghetto* (New York: Schockken, 1973). The rigidity of the rabbinate is often illustrated by Moses Sofer's dictum, "The new is prohibited." Of Moses Sofer and his role see J. Neusner, ed., *Understanding Rabbinic Judaism* (New York: Ktavm 1974). pp. 337-352.

joy and satisfaction of doing God's will, not only the obligations and duties. They reminded people that every good deed is holy; not only the deeds of the rabbis. This radical focus was certainly important for the *maggidim's* success, but they succeeded also because their message was received and understood by the simple folk. In times of turmoil, stress, and uncertainty, new ways of thinking and new values had to be learned. The leisure and calm needed for quiet thinking, careful introspection and value clarification were not available. The Hasidic masters recognized the need for definitive, effective and efficient methods for imparting religious guidance. They found storytelling to be particularly appropriate and useful for their needs.[13]

The Use Of Storytelling In The Military

Although on a less drastic scale, these same conditions and considerations apply to the military environment today. The military congregation is usually made up of transients. Many have been recently uprooted from familiar hometowns and civilian life-styles to be thrust into the military sub-culture. In the military these people are expected to function efficiently in a highly complex organization with its own unique expectations and often inscrutable reasoning. They face diverse and often unfamiliar pressures: demanding supervisors, long hours, field duty, families who feel they are harassed and discriminated against because of the military status, the uncertainties of promotion, impending and frequent transfers, and so on. And behind all this, the nagging knowledge that mobilization or combat is always possible.

Rarely do our soldiers enter the military prepared to meet these pressures and expectations. More often they come in totally unprepared for the military life. The result is that service members occasionally find themselves unable to cope in a constructive way. It is at these times that the soldier is most in need of the kinds of services chaplains can provide.

In this circumstance, the chaplain is like the medieval *maggidim* mentioned above. We chaplains, like the *maggidim*, can teach functional values which will allow those with problems to come to terms with the new community in which they must live and work.

[13] Storytelling is a religious tool because it is revelation. This parallel has been explored by Wesley A. Kort, *Narrative Elements and Religious Meaning* (Philadelphia: Fortress, 1975). See especially the introduction. He claims that storytelling has a number of characteristics shared with religion; i.e., the construction of an identity for the author and the reader, the desire to create a sense of wholeness and an invitation to the ineffable. Charles Rice argues that "the very act of storytelling has a close affinity to both the content and form of Christian revelation: that God had been revealed—in the act of self-disclosure—in a particular person and in persons who have witnessed that event." See Charles Rice, "Preacher as Storyteller," *Drew Gateway*, Vol. XLVI (1975-76), p. 19. What he says is of course true *mutando mutandis* for Jewish revelation as well.

Helping to toss out dysfunctional values and constructing new ones, the chaplain can help the new soldier clarify new ones. In thie endeavor, storytelling is as useful to us as to the *maggidim*. Of course, storytelling is not the end of the job. In time the Hasidim developed theologians and intellectual texts, but their work with the masses started on the simplest level—opening people to new insights with storytelling.

Once the Baal Shem Tov, the founder of Hasidic movement in the eighteenth century, was telling folktales to his disciples. They were surprised that he taught in such an informal way. Noting this, he told them the following parable.

> A king once sent his son to defend a fortress near the border. The king told his son that the enemy was preparing for an attack in the near future and so the son should store up as much food as possible in the fortress. If he could not get good quality food, then he should fill up the storerooms with poorer quality produce. Although that seemed rather unusual, the king's son nonetheless obeyed. And it was a good thing, too, for the seige lasted a long time and it was finally the stores of poor food that sustained the defenders. Store in your memories even the folktales I tell you, along with the teachings which appear to you to be more profound. In your work among the people, everything will prove useful.

Poetry, Song, And A Theology Of Teaching

Chaplain (MAJ) Lou Scales, Jr.

> All your life, you have had to sing your song alone.
> Not believing anybody could have known.
> But it's wrong, and you know.
> I've got a song let me sing it with you,
> Let me say it now, while the meaning is new.
> But would't it be good if we could say it together![1]

When Mary Travers of Peter, Paul, and Mary sang this song some seventeen years ago, I considered it to be a nice ballad, lovely to hear, but little more than that. It was not until recently when I began to struggle with the writing of a theoretical and rather wordy theology of ministry and teaching paper that the song's meaning became clear and its impact more and more profound. Its metaphoric richness has become the source of a new vision for me—one element in a new way for defining and doing ministry as teaching.

Another element of equal value in this new vision for me has become the writing of Calvin Miller. His poetic narrative, *The Singer and The Song*,[2] is a powerful extended metaphor of incarnation, revelation and empowerment. Using the language and vision of poetry and song as its flesh, blood, and spirit, this brief article presents a

[1] Travers, Mary; Stookey, Paul; Yarrow, Peter; Dixon, Dave; and Kniss, Richard L.; "The Song is Love"; copyright 1967; Pepamar Music Corp.

[2] Miller, Calvin; *The Singer*; (InterVarsity Press, Downers Grove, Illinois), 1977 (1975).

_____ ; *The Song*; (InterVarsity Press, Downers Grove, Illinois), 1978 (1977).

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personal theology of teaching—a new way of understanding myself and what I do day after day.

The Song And Singer As Incarnation

> Before the song, all music came like muted, empty octaves begging a composer's pen. The notes cried silently for paper staves and kept their sound in theory only.[3]

Each of us had a song to sing, and the song is our understanding of ourselves and our life in the world. The song begins when we begin, and it is developed and refined as we experience the world and each other—as exploring infants, as playful children, and later as uncertain and awkward teenagers. It haltingly matures when we are tentative young adults and ripens as the years give it depth and as experiences embellish it with memories. This song—our song—is as old as time and earth and feeling, and as new and unique as the sound of our first birth cry.

Teaching names persons as singers and invites them to sing. It rehearses with these singer-students the songs of faith that have been sung before, and enables them to write and sing their own verses for themselves and the world. But how is this to be done? In the first place, we teach God's people to sing their song by singing our song, for them and with them. Our song, the teacher's song, must be the song of a lively faith, permeating time, space, events, and persons. It must not be based on a faith lived in abstraction or theory. While theology and worship are both important, we do not learn to love the living God who made Himself known in the person of Jesus through abstract reflection, but through experience. While music theory and singing are both important, we do not learn of songs and singers only by invention or intuition. We learn to sing because we have heard song. Whether it is a matter of the awareness of our own voice or of the love of God, we teach who we are when we teach subject-matter.

My personal theology of teaching embodies sounds and sights and visions—thoughts and feelings—that both teach faith and live it. The song and the singer are flesh and blood, body and soul and spirit—wonderfully alive—reflecting the mystery of the Word which became Flesh, and which lives among us even now. In teaching as in singing, we become "embodied" before one another, sharing time and space as creatures of God, who Himself "embodies" love in Jesus. In teaching, we proclaim that incarnation as the song of love. Modeling the faith, we teach vulnerability by being vulnerable; we teach hope by hoping; we teach love by loving.

[3] _____ ; *The Singer*, p. 37.

The Song And Singer As Revelation

> Don't be afraid to sing me your mind,
> sing about the joy that I know we can find;
> Wind them around and see what they sound like together.[4]

Mary Travers sings of the realization that comes as revelation when we sing old thoughts or new thoughts in the presence—and with the presence—of another who is vulnerable and willing to add his or her song to ours. She sings of the mystery of melodies and lyrics intertwining to achieve meanings that were unknowable before they were combined. My theology of teaching understands revelation as synergistic, perhaps more than cateclysmic.

It is often the revelation of a new direction toward wholeness for persons as they come to know their song. The revelation which occurs is not through discourse, so much as through indirect communication. Edward Robinson, in an article entitled "Loneliness and Communication" expands upon Kierkegaad's insight that the subjective mode of understanding mandates the artful nature of communication.[5] Direct communication assists the transmission of information. Teaching allows for the synergistic assimilation and understanding of not-yet-revealed truth. I teach a singer by naming her or him: Singer. I teach the song by singing my song and by enabling Singer to reveal the song that was begun in the beginning of the Singer's life. In this sense, when we dis-cover ourselves, we dis-cover one another as well. We enable others to dis-cover the beauty and depth of their song as it is "aborning."

The Song And Singer As Empowerment

> He turned the thoughts methodically within his mind
> then spoke again, "Mother, I shall sing the song while I
> move out to seek more singers who like me are quite
> content to sing, then die . . .[6]

Miller's singer is preparing to sing his song upon the city wall of the ancient kingdom, thereby ensuring his own death. In the process he will "call" other singers who share the song and who are willing to sing it. In singing the song of love and life, the singer must be prepared to die. The power, which we find revealed to us as we teach other singers to sing, is the power of the song that affirms life, in the midst of so much that threatens it.

[4] Travers, Mary, et.al; "The Song is Love".

[5] Robinson, Edward; "Loneliness and Communication"; *Theology, LXXXIII, No. 693*; May 1980; p. 197.

[6] Miller, Calvin; *The Singer*; p. 44.

Harris identified five areas in which we empower those whom we teach: rebelling, resisting, receiving, re-forming and resting.[7] The health of rebellion is in the resistance to continuing to sing only those songs that are familiar, and probably nice, but contain none of the verses we have yet to write. The singer-teacher seeks not so much to change as to augment. Empowering to rebel is enabling an investment and declaration of ownership in the world. We proclaim that we are Singers and have our song to sing. We instill the power to resist, affirming that the Song of Faith is always "aborning." It must not be brought to conclusion nor catalogued as finished, incorporated into the chorus with no more verses to be added.

The power to receive is that ongoing effort to hear the song of another, allowing it to augment our song with new melodies and lyrics. When we turn deaf ears to others' songs, we needlessly mute our own. When another's joyous song lightens our dirge, when another's hopeful music becomes the supporting chords for our hope, re-formed themes and notes and verses allow us to know and to proclaim our participation in God's activity.

As we empower Singers to stop and rest, to listen, and then to sing, the songs of others fall upon ears that hear melodies fresh and new. In his adaptation of *Psalm 98*, Dan Schutte writes and sings:

> Rise, O children, from your sleep; your Savior
> now has come. He has turned your sorrow to joy,
> and filled your soul with song. Sing a new song
> unto the Lord . . .[8].

In teaching, we empower Singers to awaken, to listen, to sing, and to add continual depth and meaning to their compositions. We then gratefully participate as audience, seeing and hearing the new songs of faith and life. Thus, we celebrate teaching by teaching, compose our Song by singing it, and by singing it daily.

Refrain

> Earthmaker is in love with loveless men.
> The God of Storms and Keeper of the Winds will come.
> The Father-Spirit's only Troubadour
> reserves the heavy gales behind the door of Life.
> Cry out remorse for hate and sin.
> Life comes for all,
> astride the Singing Wind.[9]

[7] Harris, Maria; Unpublished lecture presented at Princeton Theological Seminary, August 3, 1984.

[8] Schutte, Dan, S. J.; "Sing a New Song"; North American Liturgy Resources; 1974 (1972).

[9] Miller, Calvin; *The Song*; p. 22.

The teaching activity challenges us to acknowledge and participate in the composition and rehearsal of the Song of faith. Its verses retell the story of our past, sing of the joy and pain in our present, and dream and hope us into the future. Its refrain names us and calls us out to sing our new and renewing faith. The song is Love, and the Singers are God's people.

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The Poetry Of James Hargis

Chaplain (CPT) James F. Hargis

Enlightment

Turn my mind from darkness toward a path of light,
O maker of the morning, sender of all that is pure and bright.
Out of the shadows take my thoughts and set them after the dawn.

Help me to keep the path, however steep the way,
Until the long climb is over, and beside You I'll lay.
When once again I am on high, with night's black canyon behind,
Let bright light dance around me, to your love and hope never blind.

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Dare To Climb

For every hill I've had to climb
For every stone that bruised my feet,
For all the blood, sweat, and grime,
For blinding storm and burning heat,
My heart sings a grateful song.
Those things have made me strong.

For all those heartaches and tears,
For all the anguish and the pain,
For gloomy days and fruitless years,
Yes, all those hopes that lived in vain,
I give thanks for now I know.
Those things have helped me grow.

It's not the softer things in life
That cause my will to strive,
But bleak adversity and strife
Do the most to keep my will alive.
When less courageous, easy paths I crave,
Give me, O Lord, a heart of flesh, but brave!

Journey In Feelings

Some hand working many thousand years ago
Laid stones together, row by row,
And rooms designed to never end.
In nature's bosom none but friend
Would dare to venture or to go,
To climb new heights from down below.

On these lonely trails, other eyes
Have seen the deepest azure skies.
With their sunny days and great white clouds
They seem to cry from afar, out loud
As the thunder bursts on human ear
Beckoning us to approach with fear.

Some faint-of-heart, others brave.
A place, for one, was a still small grave.
But the azure sky, it had no part
In the trembling hands or in the broken heart,
It smiled so gently, all along,
As with the wind it sang its song.

Here, as my feet slowly tread
Along those paths others have long-since fled,
I think and speak of care and sorrow,
Frustration, anxiety, the burdens of tomorrow.

They will not matter, I believe, somehow,
In a few short moments from now!

If I Could Speak Your Tongue

If I could speak your tongue,
My music would be of springs,
The blossoming, awakening time of the year
When new life sings.

But I don't speak your language.

If I could speak your tongue,
I'd give voice to that moonbeam there,
And gather it to adorn your raven hair.

But I don't speak your language.

If I could speak your tongue
I'd sing of that moment rare
When I first looked up to see
A rainbow, jeweled pathway of prayer.

But I don't speak your language.

If I could speak your tongue
I'd say a prayer that tomorrow
You'd come to revere these ancient ways
And follow.

I want to speak your language.

A Song For Drill Sergeants

"Yes, Drill Sergeant!" "No, Drill Sergeant!"
"Yes, Drill Sergeant!" "No, Drill Sergeant!"

That Drill Sergeant, there, he's a pretty tough guy,
Though he comes in all shapes and all sizes.
From morning to night teaching soldiers to fight
He can't wait 'til the next sun rises.

Before dawn, He's on the field training,
Making soldiers of them green recruits,
Giving strength and confidence to his soldiers,
A lonely figure in starched fatigues and glassy boots.

"Yes, Drill Sergeant!" "No, Drill Sergeant!"
"Yes, Drill Sergeant!" "No, Drill Sergeant!"

And what does the lonely Drill Sergeant
Receive for all these extra hours?
A few extra dollars at the end of the month,
And this word from the young he empowers.

"Yes, Drill Sergeant!" "No, Drill Sergeant!"
"Yes, Drill Sergeant!" "No, Drill Sergeant!"

You may moan and groan and think bad thoughts,
With your drill sergeant you've many a gripe.
But for a job well done,
He's second to none,
He deserves that extra stripe!

"Yes, Drill Sergeant!" "No, Drill Sergeant!"
"Yes, Drill Sergeant!" "No, Drill Sergeant!"

Can You Imagine "Kings Row" Without Music? Erich Wolfgang Korngold's Classic Film Scores

Chaplain (LTC) Ignatius W. Butler

Can you imagine "Kings Row" without music? Such is the music of Erich Wolfgang Korngold that it often lingers after the performance of the motion picture. In his short Hollywood career Korngold wrote original scores for eighteen films and adapted music for two others. Twenty credits is sparse; yet when the Golden Age of the movies is recalled, the name of this composer is the most frequently remembered with fondness.

Julius Korngold, is his short volume of praise to his son, "Child Prodigy," recounts the following:

> On May 29 of the year 1897 a son was born to me. I named him Erich Wolfgang—Erich after his mother's wish, Wolfgang after my own. Just as five years ago I had called my first born Robert besides calling him Hans in memory of Robert Schumann, the favorite composer of my youth, I now called the second son Wolfgang for the other and supreme divinity of my youth, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. I only mention this trifling matter, because later on even the name Wolfgang was to be made a target for insinuations.[1]

Korngold was remarkable and had a firm reputation in his native Vienna as a child prodigy, young composer, and highly respected musician before coming to California for a new field of endeavor—the films.

> Erich Wolfgang Korngold went to Hollywood in 1934 at the age of 37, with a spectacular musical career of 27 years already behind him. He began as a composing Wunderkind. He was only 13 when his first major work was performed at the Vienna Opera. By the age of 17

[1] Julius Korngold, *Child Prodigy (Erich Wolfgang's Years of Childhood)*, p. 11, New York, Willard Publishing Company, 1945.

> he was a mature, successful operatic and symphonic composer.[2] In the mid-thirties, a former child prodigy whose operas, symphonies and chamber music had made him the toast of Vienna and much of Europe, emigrated to California. There, whiling away the Hitler years as a screen composer, he restructured film music and composed eighteen scores which are among the finest ever written for motion pictures. The brilliance of Erich Wolfgang Korngold's film work had a consequence he had totally failed to forsee.[3]

Korngold received more deferential treatment than any other composer in the history of the Hollywood film. He worked completely on his own terms.

> In the twelve years he worked for films, he wrote only eighteen scores, and he worked under ideal conditions. Korngold was the highest paid composer of his time; all of his assignments were for expensive major productions and he worked on a film only if it pleased him. He also worked with each of his films as part of the production and his advice on dramatic construction was often heeded. He was in fact, a "fair-haired boy" and while it is easy to claim his film scores as superior to most others, it is also unfair to compare him with film composers who might have produced more substantial scores had they worked under Korngold's conditions.[4]

His approach to music was unique and his scores stand today quite apart from the films for which they were composed.

> Korngold's scores invariably began with a full symphonic overture. He was fond of brilliant brass fanfares, followed by a long, sweeping melody played by the strings. Melodically, Korngold was an unabashed romanticist. His music is breathless, expansive and thoroughly expressive.[5]

At the request of Max Reinhardt, the Viennese director, he first came to Hollywood in 1934 to adapt the music of Mendelssohn for "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Warner Brothers pulled out all the stops for this production and drew upon a large roster of players to

[2] George Korngold, *The Sea Hawk - The Classic Film Scores of Erich Wolfgang Korngold*, RCA, LSC-3330, 1972.

[3] Rory Guy, *The Classic Erich Wolfgang Korngold*, Angel S-36999, 1974.

[4] Tony Thomas, *Music for the Movies*, p. 124, Cranbury, New Jersey, A. S. Barnes and Co., Inc. 1975.

[5] Mark Evans, *Soundtrack: The Music of the Movies*, p. 24, New York, Hopkinson and Blake, 1975.

fill the many parts. At most, the film was a curiosity and garnered mixed reviews. Ted Sennett in recalling the great days at Warners writes.

> The result, released with much fanfare in October, was a curious and decidedly uneven film. Both diverting and pretentious, it was beautifully photographed by Hal Mohr, who won a deserved Academy Award for his shimmering fantasy effects. Yet it also baffled most filmgoers who did not know what to make of the opulent but strangely gloomy sets (Especially the forest at night), the long, self-consciously "arty" ballet sequences, the uneasy combination of the bizarre and the farcical.[6]

Quigley and Gertner give some good insights into the reactions greeting the release of the film.

> Believe it or not, the public was impressed and turned the film into a box-office hit. Not even the blank verse put them off, and they especially liked the beautiful girls and the dance pagentry. Purists on the other hand, were horrified, declaring that the production left nothing to the imagination but spelled everything out in explicit terms. The screen, they argue, should concentrate on realism and leave fantasy to the stage.[7]

Graham Greene wrote one of the most interesting reviews of the film and appeared to have more praise for it than condemnation:

> All the same, I enjoyed this film, perhaps because I have little affection for the play. But Herr Reinhardt, lavish and fanciful rather than imaginaive is uncertain of his new medium. Although in his treatment of the Athenian woodland, the silver birches, thick moss, deep mists and pools, there are sequences of great beauty, there are others of incredible banality.[8]

Perhaps the proper approach was taken by Andre Sennwald in reviewing the film for the *New York Times.*

> It is difficult to measure "A Midsummer Night's Dream" critically because the infant cinema has had no

[6] Ted Sennett, *Warner Brothers Presents*, pp. 288-289, New Rochelle, Arlington House, 1971.

[7] Martin Quigley, Jr. and Richard Gertner, *Films in America 1929 - 1969* p. 67, New York, Golden Press, 1970.

[8] Graham Greene, *The Pleasure Dome (The Collected Film Criticisms 1935 - 1940*, p. 20, Secker & Warbung, 1972.

> time to build a Shakespearian tradition. Whatever its flaws, it is a work of high ambitions and unflagging interest, and it provided a stimulating evening in the cinema. It is a credit to Warner Brothers and to the motion picture industry.[9] "A Midsummer Night's Dream" involved Korngold for half a year . . . Darkly shaded, dramatic and fantastic Reinhardt's film is more obviously Germanic in style, and thus a rather off arrangement of a Shakespearean comedy. It is enormously aided by Korngold's scoring: he used all the Mendelssohn incidental music for the stage play and supplemented it with fragments from the *Songs without Words*, and Mendelssohn's *Scottish and Italian Symphonies*. . . . No film score had ever been so elaborately executed, and it made a great impression in the business.[10]

Korngold's contribution to the film was readily acknowledged and Warner Brothers was anxious for a long term contract with the musician. Critics and actors alike recognized his genius.

> Erich Wolfgang Korngold has arranged the Mendelssohn music in a magnificent score, which weaves a rhapsodic spell about the spectator and transports him to the sightless realm of Avon's elves and fairies.[11]

James Cagney, the star of the film, in his auto-biography recalls the making of this picture.

> The best part of *A Midsummer Nights's Dream* for me was getting to know that tremendous Viennese composer, Erich Wolfgang Korngold. He had been brought over by Reinhardt to arrange the Mendelssohn score for the film, and fortunately for Warner Brothers, he was to remain and write scores for some of their best pictures.[12]

Following the release of the film, Korngold returned to Vienna but remained only a short time because of the troubled climate. In returning to Hollywood, he reported to Paramount Pictures for one film which was released after "Captain Blood," though scored and completed before it.

"Give Us This Night" was released in April 1936 and starred Gladys Swarthout and the Polish tenor, Jan Kiepura. Oscar Ham-

[9] Andre Sennwald, *New York Times*, p. 11, New York October 10, 1935.

[10] Thomas, *op. cit.*, p. 130.

[11] Sennwald, *op. cit.*

[12] James Cagney, *CAGNEY BY CAGNEY*, P. 67, Garden City, New York, Doubleday & Company, Inc., 1976.

merstein II worked as lyricist, and Korngold wrote the score. "But the film was so trite and corny that it quickly sank from sight."[13] Frank Nugent in reviewing the film made these sage remarks.

> Erich Wolfgang Korngold's specially written operatic score is melodious, if scarcely more enduring than the sound track on which it has been recorded and a few of the choral numbers have been effectively rendered and pleasantly staged. On the whole, however, the film does not solve the problem of opera on the screen; neither is it a particularly noteworthy contribution to the operatic cycle.[14]

Korngold then decided to come to terms with Warner Brothers and wrote original scores for them throughout 1946. His contract with the studio was unique for its day.

> He finally agreed to a contract that obliged him to score only three films of his own choosing every two years, with the freedom to return to Vienna for at least six months a year, and with the rights to his film compositions reverting to him for any future use he might wish to make of them.[15]

With "Captain Blood," Korngold began a long standing relationship with Errol Flynn who was then appearing in his first starring role. The composer was to score seven of his motion pictures, including the most successful picture of his career, "The Adventures of Robin Hood." "Captain Blood" established Flynn as a major star, advanced the career of director, Michael Curtiz, and gave the screenwriter, Casey Robinson, new prominence.

> Robinson had been credited for toiling on eight "B" pictures at Paramount when Harry Joe Brown, who had directed a Robinson script there, took a producer's job at Warners and hired his old colleague. Their first effort, *I Found Stella Parrish*, was negligible but their second, *Captain Blood*, proved crucial in turning Warners from a sausage factory, marketing low budgets and contemporary themes, into a more exclusive delicatessen, with a wide variety of genres on a more opulent scale. *Captain Blood* was the studio's first swashbuckler, Flynn's first starring role, the first pairing (of nine) for Flynn and Olivia deHavilland, and Robinson's first hit picture. It established for all time the image of the

[13] Thomas, *op. cit.*
[14] Frank S. Nugent, *New York Times*, New York, April 6, 1936, p. 18.
[15] Rory Guy, *op. cit.*

> reckless, roguish hero, which Flynn was charmed—or condemned—to live out.[16]

"Captain Blood" turned out to be a block buster movie and most reviews were laudable. Andre Sennwald was glowing in his praise, "With a spirited and criminally good-looking Australian named Errol Flynn playing the genteel buccaneer to the hilt, the photoplay recaptures the air of high romantic adventure which is so essential to the tale."[17] Ted Sennett points out that " . . . it is easy to understand the appeal that the vigorous and dashing pirate captain Peter Blood must have had for thirties audiences who were growing weary of nasty gangsters and boyish tenors."[18] When Korngold was asked to score "Captain Blood," the film had already been completed. Thus he was hurried into a three week scoring session, something he would never tolerate again. "He wrote an enormous amount of music, but due to lack of time one of the battle scenes contains a few minutes of a Liszt symphonic poem."[19]

Erich Korngold was next associated with a most unusual project, Marc Connelly's "The Green Pastures." Such a film was a gamble for Warners but they were rewarded by glowing reviews.

> Its presentation of legendary Biblical figures as Negroes was viewed by some as frivolous and even sacrilegious. And there was the Southern theatre market to consider, especially the Bible Belt. Critics could—and did—hail the "courage" of the film makers, but that would have been small consolation in the face of a disastrous flop. Fortunately, the apprehensions proved mostly groundless.[20]

"The Green Pastures" was banned in some Southern cities in the United States and ran into trouble also in England. Graham Greene had a good time viewing the film.

> Mr. Marc Connelly's black Biblical pageant has come to us with the best possible advertisement: the Lord Chamberlain's ban. It has lost nothing by being transferred to the screen, not so much as a line of dialogue, and the rather jerky succession of short stage scenes is given smoothness and continuity in the cinema.[21]

Full endorsement came from the New York Times.

[16] Richard Corliss, *Talking Pictures (Screenwriters in American Cinema 1927 - 1973*, pp. 286-287, Woodstock, New York, The Overlook Press, 1975.

[17] Andre Sennwald, *New York Times*, New York, December 27, 1935, p. 14.

[18] Sennett, *op. cit.*, p. 150.

[19] George Korngold, *op. cit.*, p. 150.

[20] Quigley and Gertner, *op. cit.*, p. 73.

[21] Greene, *op. cit.*, p. 121.

> That disturbance in and around the Music Hall yesterday was the noise of shuffling queues in Sixth Avenue and the sound of motion picture critics dancing in the street. The occasion was the coming at last to the screen of Marc Connelly's naive, ludicrous, sublime and heartbreaking masterpiece of American folk drama, "The Green Pastures." And the direct exciting cause was the fact that no profane hands have been allowed, in the words of the Second Cleaning Angel, to "gold up" its marvelous and unforgettable felicities. It still has the rough beauty of homespun, the irresistible compulsion of simple faith.[22]

Principal music for the production was supplied by the Hall Johnson Choir. Korngold's contribution consisted of supplying music for specific passages.

> Korngold scored *The Creation* and *The Flood* and a few other fleeting spots. He did this without a contract, and when Warners later asked him what he wanted as payment, he told them "Nothing, I enjoyed doing it." He also asked that his name not be included in the credit titles, lest it draw attention away from the excellent work done by choirmaster Hall Johnson.[23]

Our composer now passed into his most productive and interesting period. From mid 1936 to mid 1940, he scored seven films, four of which received Academy Award nominations for best score and two of which won the Oscar in that category. Six of the films received all-out production values, and five of them had Errol Flynn very much in prominence. Each score was original and well received. "Anthony Adverse" and "The Adventures of Robin Hood" both received Oscar recognition for musical scores. "Elizabeth and Essex" and "The Sea Hawk" were also nominated for best score. After his termination with Warner Brothers, Korngold culled the music of four films of this period to form the basis for his 1947 Violin Concerto In D Major, Op. 35. He used the scores from "Another Dawn," "Juarez," "Anthony Adverse" and "The Prince and the Pauper."

"Anthony Adverse" should have been much more than it was. It was Warner's major production for 1936 and employed an all star cast and expensive production values. Hervey Allen's mammoth novel just did not lend itself to screen adaptation. The critic for Punch was astute in his evaluation.

> Probably it was a mistake to try to make a picture of so diffuse a book as *Anthony Adverse*. It must have been

[22] B. R. Crisler, *New York Times*, New York, July 17, 1936, p. 20.
[23] Thomas, *op. cit.*, p. 132.

> extremely difficult to compress the story even within its present limits of two hours and twenty minutes—and that is about forty minutes too long.[24]

Frank Nugent was extremely outspoken in his dislike for the film.

> America has the tallest buildings, the longest subways, the most chewing gum, the hardiest flagpole sitters, Hervey Allen's 1,224 page "Anthony Adverse" and the Warner's gargantuan film edition of it. If size is your deity, and you feel you will be impressed to hear that eighty-odd speaking parts and a cast of 2,000 have shared the task of translating "Anthony" into film, then you will relish the Strand's new picture. Speaking for ourselves, we found it a bulky, rambling and indecisive photoplay which has not merely taken liberties with the letter of the original but with its spirit.[25]

Warner Brothers spent more than $1,000,000 on this production and made the fact well known. "Anthony" went on to win four Oscars, the most of any film produced that year. The one outstanding attribute of the film is the award winning score composed by Korngold.

> In scoring *Anthony Adverse*, Korngold came upon a technique that was later used by other composers—that of pitching his music just underneath the pitch of the voices of the actors and surging into pauses in the dialogue. Korngold was also, with this score, the first film composer to write long lines of continuous music, great chunks that contained the ebb and flow of the film's mood and action. The key, of course, is Korngold's conception of film as a form of opera.[26]

George Korngold, in writing of his father's score for this film, points out that "no less than 43 musical themes bind together the complex characters of this tragic romance . . ."[27] and that "the entire beginning of the film, fully 28 minutes, is continuously underscored and comes closer to taking on the character of an opera than any other Korngold score."[28]

[24] Lawrence J. Quirk, *The Films of Fredric March*, p. 146, New York, The Citadel Press, 1971.

[25] Frank S. Nugent, *New York Times*, New York, August 27, 1936, p. 16.

[26] Thomas, *op. cit.*, pp. 132-133.

[27] George Korngold, *op. cit.*

[28] George Korngold, *Elizabeth and Essex - The Classic* Film Scores of Erich Wolfgang Korngold, RCA, ARL 1-0185, 1973.

Except for the score of "The Sea Hawk," this is Korngold's longest score. "Each major character, mood, or idea is represented by a specific theme."[29]

Erich Korngold only worked on stories that held appeal for him. His two choices for 1937 were pseudo-history and desert romance. The former, "The Prince and the Pauper" was released shortly before the coronation of King George VI and was well received. It gathered a good family audience. His other choice was a showcase for the waning talents of Kay Francis, "Another Dawn." Flynn's first appearance in "The Prince and the Pauper" came halfway through the film and in "Another Dawn." he merely supported Miss Francis.

Frank Nugent was very much on target in his evaluation of "The Prince and the Pauper" as reflected in his review.

> Its reception was almost affectionate, and properly so, for Mark Twain's old novel is beloved of three generations and the Warners have dealt gently with it. There have been liberties and several of them, but none so great as to cause any one to scream sacrilege and most so acceptable that Sam Clemens himself would have condoned them. The novel and the screen have been bridged so gracefully we cannot resist saying that Twain and the movies have met.[30]

Perhaps the score for "The Prince and the Pauper" is the lightest and airiest of all Korngold scores. "Korngold's score is reminiscent of music for a *commedia dell'arte*; it is sparkling, humorous and heart-warming, capturing the naivete of childhood, the regal splendor of the court and the demeaning poverty of Tutor England." [31]

"Another Dawn" is remembered today only for the lovely Korngold score. Its inanity is even more pronounced today than upon its initial release in 1937. B. R. Crisler took a tongue in cheek approach in reviewing the film.

> Not since the fabled phoenix, has the Arabian desert blossomed into anything quite so stunning as Kay Francis and her exhaustive wardrobe in "Another Dawn" at the Music Hall. Too often, however, has it, or its romantic Hollywood substitute, beheld the familiar triangular plot through which the dramatic figure of Miss Francis walks, with love and some mysterious form of Yogi in her eyes, in long flowing gowns with impractical trains that go sweeping—more effectively than a vacuum cleaner, you would think—along elegant

[30] Frank S. Nugent, *New York Times*, New York, May 6, 1937, p. 23.
[31] George Korngold, *Elizabeth and Essex, op. cit.*

British-controlled terraces. Obviously, somebody has done a lot of irrigating since Doughty's day.[32]

George Korngold sheds a revealing light on why the movie was made.

> What should one do if one finds oneself left with the elaborate and expensive standing sets used in "The Charge of the Light Brigade?" Why, shoot another picture on them, of course! This is precisely what Warner Bros. did. "Another Dawn" (1937) is a most forgettable film, but contains a memorable score created at a time when Korngold, the Austrian, did not as yet fully understand the English dialogue emanating from the screen. Nevertheless, sensing the inherent weakness of the picture, he gave even more of himself in order to bolster the love scenes between Kay Francis and Errol Flynn, the noble sacrifices of Ian Hunter and the feeble action scenes of this desert-outpost drama.[33]

Seldom have all ingredients in one motion picture merged so successfully as in 1938's "The Adventures of Robin Hood." It was the most expensive film that Warners had undertaken up to this point in time. Sets, costumes, technicolor, a well nigh perfect cast and the musical score all contributed to a well deserved success. This was, indeed, the apex of the career of Errol Flynn.

> Up until 1938 the screen's most glamorous Robin Hood had been Douglas Fairbanks (*Robin Hood*, 1922). Then Errol Flynn played the role in this lavish Warner Bros. production and no one before or since has come close to matching him in masculine good looks, light-hearted air and romantic dash. It was his greatest triumph.[34]

Most reviews were spectacular, including Frank Nugent's from the *New York Times*.

> Life and the movies have their compensations and such a film as "The Adventures of Robin Hood," which the Warners brought into the Music Hall yesterday, is payment in full for many dull hours of picture-going. A richly produced, bravely bedecked, romantic and colorful show, it leaps bodly to the forefront of this year's best and can be calculated to rejoice the eights, rejuvenate the eighties and delight those in between.[35]

[32] B. R. Crisler, *New York Times*, New York, June 18, 1937, p. 25.
[33] George Korngold, *Elizabeth and Essex, op. cit*
[34] Quigley and Gertner, *op. cit.*, p. 90.
[35] Frank S. Nugent, *New York Times*, New York, May 13, 1938, p. 17.

"Robin Hood" received three Oscars, including one for best original score. The score of Korngold is among the most glorious ever written for the motion picture screen. It is interesting to note that the composer almost didn't write this score.

> Warners asked him to score *Robin Hood*; but after looking at the picture, he declined. He felt it contained too many action sequences and he did not enjoy writing music for battles. They also wanted it done within a matter of weeks and Korngold was used to taking his time. . . . he agreed to write the score, provided he could do it on a week-to-week basis and drop out if he was not pleased with the way the job progressed. Seven weeks later the music was blended with the visuals.[36]

Probably more has been written about the score of "Robin Hood" than any other film score. It has received a number of excellent recordings. Chief among them is the recording of the composer in 1938, which was first presented in a radio broadcast in May 1938.

> It was the first time that a score written for a Hollywood picture was treated in such a prestigious manner. The reasoning was, of course, soundly commercial. *Robin Hood* was the most expensive film Warners had made to that time and since Korngold had won an Oscar the previous year for *Anthony Adverse*, it was obvious his music for Robin and the Merry Men of Sherwood Forest could do nothing but help the picture.[37]

Joseph O'Sullivan, in a detailed article from the *Motion Picture Herald*, lauds Erich Korngold's music and points out that the score serves a true function.

> In "The Adventures of Robin Hood" he reveals further evidence of an innate ability to appraise the real function of music in film-giving impetus to action and drama to motion, while reinforcing character and situation with musical ideas.[38]

Tony Thomas points out the contribution of Korngold's score to the total film.

> Korngold's music for *Robin Hood* is a textbook example of what music can do for a film. It gives it flow and bouyancy and helps to further delineate the

[36] Tony Thomas, *The Adventures of Robin Hood (Symphonic Suite of Erich Wolfgang Korngold* Conducted by the Composer) DELOS/F 25409, 1975.

[37] Thomas, *The Adventures of Robin Hood*, op. cit.

[38] Joseph O'Sullivan, *Motion Picture Herald*, May 7, 1938.

> characterizations and enhance the situations. Again, the composer is operatic. There are more than a dozen major themes and almost two-thirds of the running time of the picture is supported by music.[39]

O'Sullivan has made a detailed study of the score and discussed the distinctive themes dealing with the principal characters and their moods. What he says about the descriptive music is revealing.

> It is in the purely descriptive music accompanying the kaleidoscopic sequence of picturesque scenes, exciting action and colorful pageantry, that Korngold reaches dramatic heights. Here he reveals himself a master of the art of translating the visual into musical terms. In the banquet scene he has caught the spirit of quaint old English folk song, and one can almost smell the roasted boar's head and taste the wassail.[40]

There is little doubt about the greatness of this score and the impact it had on the further development of musical scoring as an integral part of the motion picture.

Two of the major productions in 1939 presented by Warner Brothers contained scores by Korngold. Both productions were adaptations from the stage and took a number of liberties with the history they represented. "Juarez" was adapted from Franz Werfel's play; "The Phantom Crown," which he coauthored with Bertita Harding. Maxwell Anderson's verse play, "Elizabeth the Queen," was transferred to the technicolor screen under the supposedly more enticing title, "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex." Both films were to serve as star vehicles of established personalities. In the case of "Juarez," Mr. Paul Muni received a severe case of upstaging from Brian Aherne and in "Elizabeth and Essex" Bette Davis found a starring vehicle but to the detriment of Errol Flynn and all others involved.

"Pasteur" and "Zola" had been rendered memorable by the acting and makeup of Paul Muni. "Juarez" was meant to be the capstone in his biographical delineations. It just didn't work out that way. The film jars in its "eposodic quality that never permits the viewer to focus his concern on any one character." [41] Muni as Benito Juarez and Aherne as Archduke Maximilian never appear together in one scene. Brian Aherne, in his autobiography, pinpoints the pivotal problem.

> On my first day's work on *The Phantom Crown*, I was informed that the title had been changed to *Juarez*. I

[39] Thomas, *The Adventures of Robin Hood.*
[40] O'Sullivan, *op. cit.*
[41] Sennett, *op. cit.*, p. 279.

> thought then and still think that this could mean little to the American public, most of whom couldn't even pronounce it. I was told that it had to be so because Paul Muni had a clause in his contract which said that every picture in which he played must be named after his character—Pasteur, Zola, Juarez. In my belief it was a pity to insist on this because it undoubtedly affected the business at the box office, and Muni's performance was so fine that he didn't need it; furthermore Juarez, despite the emphasis which was placed on his scenes, could never overshadow the tragic, romantic figures of Maximilian and Carlotta.[42]

Graham Greene picks up on this very point.

> It must be admitted, however, that a quite impressive film has emerged from all the muddle . . . and the two parts of Juarez and Maximilian are well written and admirably acted by Mr. Paul Muni and Mr. Brian Aherne. (Mr. Muni's make-up is extraordinarily impressive: he is an Indian to the very shape of the skull and the stony Aztec profile). I have not usually been an admirer of Mr. Aherne's acting: his personality has always seemed to go with a pipe and Harris tweeds and a boundless complacency, but here he nearly acts Mr. Muni off the set. With his forked and silky beard, the blond whiskers and curls, the gentle worried inflexibility, he is every inch a Hapsburg, and the film is his . . . [43]

Frank Nugent recognizes the great talent in the film but yet points out that it is less than a great film.

> It is, in sum, a film whose good so far outweighs its bad that this review like "Juarez" itself must be rated out of balance. But the Warners themselves are responsible. They have set their own standards with "Zola" and "Pasteur." Here they have chosen a theme worthy of the best the screen can give it. Anything less than that must be regretted, but not ungratefully: so "Juarez" with all its faults, still must be rated a distinguished, memorable and socially valuable film.[44]

[42] Brian Aherne, *A proper Job*, p. 279, Boston, Houghton, Mifflin Company, 1969.

[43] Greene, *op. cit.*, p. 254.

[44] Frank S. Nugent, *New York Times*, New York, April 26, 1939, p. 27.

Erich Korngold wrote an entirely different type score for "Juarez." It is marked by gentleness and feeling. His detailed research is in evidence.

> *Juarez* appealed to him because of the story of the Hapsburgian monarch Maximilian and his devoted but tragic wife Carlotta, who lost her mind after her husband was executed by the Mexicans. The doomed pair loved the song *La Paloma*, and Korngold treated it memorably in his score. He helped underline the nobility and the weakness of Maximilian, and he made the rather austere Paul Muni image of *Juarez* more appealing. Whenever it came to ethnic music, Korngold invented his own because he felt properly conceived dramatic music was more effective than the genuine material.[45]

Korngold was concerned more with the character of Maximilian in his score. The "Love Theme" serves as an "operatic love duet for Carlotta and Maximilian" [46] whereas "Korngold's gentle, bittersweet theme for Carlotta underlines the torment of a frail, loving woman doomed to be childless, to love her husband and to retreat into quiet madness".[47]

"The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex" was heralded as another prestige picture under the aegis of the Warner banner. It was Bette Davis' fourth film for that studio in 1939. Her diversity of roles in "Dark Victory," "The Old Maid," "Juarez," and now as Elizabeth I was phenomenal. "Whatever studio politics were involved, 'The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex' was emphatically designed to be a Davis Film." [48] Errol Flynn was considered to be out of his element ". . . and responded with one of his most lackluster performances." [49] Some critics thought that Miss Davis was outstanding in her depiction of the Queen but Paul Trent was not too far afield when he stated that "In Davis' performance are displayed the complete range of excessive, idiosyncratic mannerisms that by 1939 were fast becoming her trademark." [50] Frank Nugent put the blame on Errol Flynn: "It is a good film, one well worth seeing; how much better it might have been with an Essex worthy of Miss Davis' Elizabeth we can only surmise." [51]

[45] Thomas, *Music for the Movies*, pp. 134, 135.

[46] Tony Thomas, *Classic Film Scores for Bette Davis*, RCA, ARL 1-0183, 1973.

[47] *Ibid.*

[48] Sennett, *op. cit.*, p. 159.

[49] *Ibid.*

[50] Paul Trent, *Those Fabulous Movie Years: The 30S*, p. 180, Barre, Massachusetts, Barre Publishing, 1975.

[51] Frank S. Nugent, *New York Times*, New York, December 2, 1939, p. 21.

Korngold received his third Oscar nomination for his score for "Elizabeth and Essex." Most of his followers consider this one of his major achievements. "Korngold was later to use a theme from 1939's "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex" in his Symphony in F-sharp." [52] George Korngold tells us that "the tragic romance between Elizabeth and Essex appealed to Korngold, and he adorned the film with a score that overflowed with poignant melody, pomp and circumstance and foreboding dramatic power." [53] Among the highlights of the lengthy score are a love theme in the key of F-sharp and his theme for Elizabeth.[54]

"The Sea Hawk" in 1940 marked the return of Errol Flynn to his famous cavalier type casting. His conflict with Elizabeth I of England was entirely different this time around and many licenses were taken with history. Bosley Crowther reports that the film " . . . derives much more from the sword than from the pen" [55] Ted Sennett tells us that "Unquestionably, *The Sea Hawk* is one of the best of his swashbucklers, a handsomely mounted and satisfying example of the Warners way with old fashioned but sturdy materials." [56]

Our composer was honored with a fourth Oscar nomination for his glowing score. "The Sea Hawk" (1940) was Korngold's last score for a historical swashbuckling film, and one of his best." [57]

Most Korngold fans relate to this score primarily because of the novelty of the inclusion of varied and infrequently used instruments. "The usual percussion complement was augmented . . . by tamboruine, gourd, timbales, marimba, vibraphone, xylophone, tam-tam, temple blocks, glockenspiel, foot cymbal and rumba drum . . . All this exotica, merged with shadowy saxophones and bunched pizzicato strings conversing in undertones and an occasional dash of Latin-American syncopation, results in a musical episode unique in Korngold." [58]

Edward G. Robinson was one of the popular Warner stars of the thirties and forties. More frequently than not he made his fortune by cunning, criminal acts. And in retribution, he normally met a violent death. "The Sea Wolf" presented a different Robinson, yet a completely sadistic and evil character. Warner Brothers strove for an artistic success and succeeded to some extent.

[52] Guy, *op. cit.*

[53] George Korngold, *Elizabeth and Essex, op. cit.*

[54] Thomas, *Classic Film Scores for Bette Davis, op. cit.*

[55] Bosley Crowther, *New York Times*, New York, August 10, 1940, p. 16.

[56] Sennett, *op. cit.*, p. 162.

[57] George Korngold, *The Sea Hawk, op. cit.*

[58] Tony Thomas, Rudy Behlmer and Clifford McCarty, *Captain Blood - Classic Film Scores for Errol Flynn*, RCA, ARL 1-0912, 1975.

> One such film was Michael Curtiz' version of Jack London's novel, *The Sea Wolf* (1941), adapted in a powerful screenplay by Robert Rossen. London's story of a tormented, demonic ship's captain who controls the lives of his crew and several hapless stowaways had been filmed five times before but now with the aid of the studio's new tank and fog machines, plus effectively somber photography by Sol Polito, it was given a production that conveyed an atmosphere of brooding evil to a remarkable degree.[59]

Bosley Crowther gave the film a mixed review, pointing out that "When *The Sea Wolf* is topside, however, it rolls along ruthlessly and draws a forbidding picture of oppressive life at sea, of a captain who rules his men without mercy and without heart." [60]

Erich Korngold matched the mood of this film beautifully and produced a haunting score quite unlike anything written before or after. "The scoring was atmospheric, misty, minor moded and slightly dissonant. Less assertive and more subtle than his previous scores, the music for *The Sea Wolf* is more a favorite of other composers than of Korngold's fans." [61] It is interesting to note that the composer was cited by the National Federation of Music Clubs for producing the outstanding film score of 1941.[62]

Back in the forties, it was not fashionable to play with dynamite. Occasionally, a Hollywood studio would tackle an unsavory theme and come up with a work bearing only similarity in title to the original work. Henry Bellamann's novel was an exception. "Kings Row" was roundly panned by some and called a masterpiece by others. It is a movie which stands up well today, whereas many contemporary movies of its period are now dated and obselete. Warners called upon an all star cast who responded splendidly, many being cast against type to their advantage. James Wong Howe's photography was exceptional, and the music of Erich Wolfgang Korngold is his best remembered and most evocative.

Bosley Crowther called the film " . . . one of the bulkiest blunders to come out of Hollywood in some time." [63] Lawrence J. Quirk is not sure that the film should have been attempted but admits that "there is a strange haunting power to it, a sense of the unseen and the unspoken, a spiritual force all the more potent for being indefinable." [64] Tony Thomas went so far as to call the picture

[59] Sennett, *op. cit.*, p. 292.

[60] Bosley Crowther, *New York Times*, New York, March 26, 1941, p. 27.

[61] Thomas, *Music for the Movies*, p. 136.

[62] George Korngold, *Elizabeth and Essex.*

[63] Bosley Crowther, *New York Times*, New York, February 3, 1942, p. 23.

[64] Lawrence J. Quirk, *The Great Romantic Films*, p. 100, New Jersey, The Citadel Press, 1975.

a masterpiece [65] and Quigley and Gertner cite Ann Sheridan and Ronald Reagan for their fine acting.[66] "The picture was a tremendous success—a soap opera with class that provided the kind of escapism movie-goers wanted at the time.[67]

Warner Brothers triumphed with this film which they held back for several months, fearful that the American public would not accept its theme.

> Despite the larger-than-usual percentage of neurasthenic women and dangerous doctors, *Kings Row* succeeds in avoiding absurdity by its sheer dramatic power. Scene after scene demonstrates a high gloss of professionalism . . . The film is also helped by expert acting, surprisingly good in the cases of Ronald Reagan and Ann Sheridan.[68]

And then there is the music! I have listened to the score from "Kings Row" time and time again and each hearing continues to enthrall me. As much as I admire the acting in the film, I still attend for that music. My admiration for the music is hardly in league with the fan who " . . . had seen the film sixty times, mostly with his eyes closed." [69]

> The main title was especially arresting—a bold, almost heraldic statement that undergoes variations during the course of this story of life in a small mid-Western town, circa 1890. The town is rife with psychosis, love, hatred, bitter memories and tender memories, ambition and resolve. And a field day for Korngold.[70]

Musicians contend that this score is the most difficult of all Korngold's music.

> Korngold condensed enough material into the *Main Title* for an entire symphonic movement. Two bars of wind and string trill lead to a five-bar brass fanfare (in 4/4, 3/4 and 2/4 time!) to a four-bar string melody of very unusual harmonic changes. The music is in the rarely used and difficult key of B major, necessitating five sharps, the trumpets reading in D-flat and the harps in C-flat! [71]

[65] Quigley and Gertner, *op. cit.*, p. 100f.
[66] Quigley and Gertner, *op. cit.*, p. 124.
[67] *Ibid.*, p. 123.
[68] Sennett, *op. cit., p. 294.*
[69] Thomas, *Music for the Movies*, op. cit., p. 136.
[70] *Ibid.*
[71] George Korngold, *The Sea Hawk.*

The book caused a near scandal and the film was almost shelved. Yet the melody lingers on. "The title theme for Kings Row is probably the best-known melody from Korngold's film scores." [72]

> Erich Korngold was luckier than most film composers. He was well liked and respected, and he had the most liberal contract ever given a musician in Hollywood, under which he received a generous salary and was required to write only one or two scores a year. Furthermore, he had his choice of films, and he invariably chose wisely. If he really liked a picture - e.g., *The Constant Nymph*—he would write long stretches at a single sitting, usually at night, sitting at a piano in a small projection room while an operator ran the film. He was an emotional, sentimental and humorous man, and all these qualitites show in his filmusic.[73]

In 1943, Erich Korngold was provided a glorious opportunity. Not only was he to compose the music for "The Constant Nymph" but became a consultant and played the score in the actual film. This film proved to be a first in many ways.

> The dramatization of the power of music, the psychic influence of abstract music, is the subject and substance of "The Constant Nymph." Warner Bros. may have thought they were filming "the novel that made love story history." But Eric Korngold, composer of the theater as well as for the concert hall, knew the minute he began to work on the score that he had a chance to make film music history. He has endeavored and succeeded in large measure, considering the limitations of the medium, in using music as a language in itself.[74]

Joan Fontaine gave a splendid performance which was critically acclaimed and the studio embellished the Margaret Kennedy novel with solid production values.

> Warners gave full rein to producer Henry Blanke for this handsome version, and in Edmund Goulding they chose a director with some musical education. They also assigned the prestigious Erich Wolfgang Korngold to compose a landmark of a musical score that lifts this picture like a giant unseen hand. The leading character is a modern composer, played by Charles Boyer, and what he composes is actually Korngold's work. Whenever he sits at the piano to play, it is Korngold, himself

[72] *Ibid.*

[73] Anthony Thomas, *Films In Review*, March 1962, p. 178.

[74] Isabel Morse Jones, *Los Angeles Times*, Los Angeles, Sunday, July 18, 1943.

> a brilliant pianist, the audience hears on the sound track.[75] Korngold had a hand in the dialogue—an ideal opportunity. The composer-hero, Boyer, does not utter musical trivialities. He talks musical sense. A serious composer would naturally discuss music as he does in this picture.[76]

This was the type movie that Warners did better than any other studio. The *New York Times*' critic gave honest praise for tackling a difficult theme: "The everlasting conflict between the spiritual and the material, the unbridgeable gap that exists between those two worlds and the resulting heartache that comes to those who attempt the crossing, is grippingly portrayed." [77]

Erich Korngold controlled the film from start to finish. The finale is six and a half minutes of uninterrupted music. In this case, the music works and carries the film. This pioneer endeavor paved the way for other musicians and furthered the prestige of Korngold.

> The score has yielded an orchestral work that will bear hearing in the orchestra halls of the country and should be recorded. Korngold rates it highly because he put all he had into it and it stands up as the climax of the picture. He calls it "Tommorrow" and has given it an opus number. I think he is justified. The work requires a 70-piece orchestra and a 30-voice women's chorus, which he conducted for the picture. It is six and a half minutes of well-integrated music.[78]

"The Constant Nymph" marked the apex of Korngold's film career. His next four scores were wasted on box office disasters. "Devotion" was kept on the shelf for three years and Olivia deHavilland's scenes were cut drastically due to her continuing battle with Warner Brothers. Bosley Crowther minced no words in calling the picture " . . . a ridiculous tax upon reason and an insult to plain intelligence."[79] As a biographical film depicting the lives of the famous Bronte sisters, it was marred by historical inaccuracies and poor acting. Tony Thomas speaks in this way of Korngold's contribution.

> The score is sumptuous but largely wasted. Particularly impressive was Korngold's darkly dramatic music for the Yorkshire Moors and the dream sequence in which a masked, mounted knight manifests himself and envelopes Emily in his huge black cloak.[80]

[75] Thomas, *The Films of the Forties*, p. 89.
[76] Jones, *op. cit.*
[77] L.B.F., *New York Times*, New York, April 6, 1946, p. 10.
[78] Jones, *Ibid.*
[79] Bosley Crowther, *New York Times*, New York, April 6, 1946, p. 10.
[80] Thomas, *Music for the Movies*, p. 137.

"Outward Bound" had been a successful play and a fondly remembered Lesile Howard movie of 1930. Warner Brothers failed miserably in the 1944 remake. "Obviously the Warners were tempting fate themselves for this study of death and the hereafter is notoriously wistful and grim." [81] "Since the leading character is this treatment was a Viennese concert pianist, Korngold had an opportunity to provide a little rhapsody for the piano, which he dubbed himself as Paul Henreid pretended to play." [82] This score is reputed to be the composer's own favorite for which "he developed an ethereal background for strings and harp. . . . " [83]

Next came "Of Human Bondage" in 1946. Bosley Crowther called the film "a thorough-going bore." [84]

> W. Somerset Maughan's autobiographical novel is a work of art, but you would never know it from the three films that have been made in Hollywood . . . The first version is the most famous, primarily because it is the picture that established Bette Davis as a major star . . . In 1946 Mildred was played by Eleanor Parker, who was not tempermentally suited to it, and in 1963 Kim Novak was so inadequate that she almost turned the film into a parody.[85]

Nothing worked well in the film, including the music. "For once, Korngold's music was painfully obtrusive, a rich symphony hanging on a scarecrow." [86] "The love theme is expressive enough to be the aria of an opera. Scored for violins, it is highlighted by wide leaps, reaching ever upward toward final resolution." [87]

Eleanor Parker was badly used by Warner Brothers and appeared in three atrocious films, the already mentioned "Outward Bound," "Of Human Bondage," and finally, "Escape Me Never." Ida Lupino left Warners after her performance in "Devotion" and even poorer acting in "Escape Me Never." Errol Flynn should never have selected a film role in "Escape Me Never." The movie was made in 1945 and finally released in 1947. And Bosley Crowther wrote a scathing review.

> Miss Lupino is downright embarrassing, the way she bounces and kitty-cats around, alternately clutching an infant and Mr. Flynn to her heaving breast. And Mr. Flynn, as a chap named Sebastian who writes music,

[81] Bosley Crowther, *New York Times*, New York, May 6, 1944, p. 11.
[82] Thomas, *Music for the Movies*, p. 137.
[83] Evans, *op. cit.*, p. 24.
[84] Bosley Crowther, *New York Times*, New York, July 6, 1946, p. 11.
[85] Quigley and Gertner, *op. cit.*, p. 57.
[86] Thomas, *Music for the Movies*, p. 137.
[87] Evans, *op. cit.*, pp. 25, 26.

> plays a concertina and loves to flirt, throws himself into his performance with the enthusiasm of a singing-waiter in a Hoboken cafe. They're not to blame entirely. The script is a frightful thing, starting out in a musical-comedy humor and ending up in a bath of tragic tears. And Peter Godfrey's so-called direction is cause for a damage suit against the whole retinue of Warner Brothers by the exploited members of the cast—among whom, incidentally, Eleanor Parker has our deepest sympathy.[88]

Just why Warners made the film is a mystery. In 1935, Elizabeth Bergner appeared in the British film of the same name. Her acting was well acknowledged and William Walton wrote his first film score for the production.

Time and time again I have listened to the film score. It is both remarkable and beautiful. George Korngold writes about his father's score:

> The film had weaknesses, but the score is one of the most beautiful ever written. It is Korngold at his most Viennese. Besides the ballet *Primavera*, the score contains the only popular song of his career, *Love for Love*. (With lyrics by Ted Koehler it was recorded by several pop vocalists in the '40s).[89]

Mark Evans points out that the score contains " . . . a glorious abundance of melodies—as many as ten individual themes, all developed in his customary symphonic style." [90] Right to the heart of the matter is the sage comment of Tony Thomas: "The picture glows with music, and had the theatres been packed with millions of Korngold fans, Warners would have made a fortune. Unfortunately, people who go to the films to listen to background scores are a distinct minority." [91]

"Deception" contains the last Korngold score. When the film was released in October 1946, opinion was split right down the middle. The *New York Times* liked neither the film nor Korngold's music. "Incidentally, a piece of music which Erich Wolfgang Korngold has composed as a sensation-stirring concerto is no more impressive than the film." [92] On the other hand, *Cue Magazine* carried a glowing review.

[88] Bosley Crowther, *New York Times*, New York, November 8, 1947, p. 11.
[89] George Korngold,
[90] Evans, *op. cit.*, p. 26.
[91] Thomas, *Music for the Movies*, p. 137.
[92] *New York Times*, New York, October 19, 1946, p. 15.

> The script by John Collier and Joseph Than is a masterpiece of screen writing; the performances by Bette Davis, Claude Rains and Paul Henried are among their finest work, and the direction by Irving Rapper is faultless. Adding a rich pattern of melodic color to the play design onscreen is Erich Wolfgang Korngold's musical background, including his original cello concerto—a classical example of what fine screen music should be like.[93]

Through the years, the film has attracted a cult following who attend for dialogue exchanges between Bette Davis and Claude Rains. However, the Cello Concerto has gained respectability through the years also.

> The studio's music department gave the "Deception" assignment to one of its top composers, Erich Wolfgang Korngold, who became the first composer to write a cello concerto exclusively for motion pictures.[94]
> It is played in a single movement, although structurally consisting of three sections. Its main theme is introduced by the cello, and then restated by the orchestra. A second theme is followed by a short pseduo-cadenza, leading to a lyrical middle section. Korngold then developed a polyphonic, fugal variation on his main theme, resolving into a virtuoso cadenza for solo cello. The work concludes with a statement of both main themes by the full orchestra.[95]

After "Deception," Erich Korngold retired from the movies. In 1946, at the request of William Dieterle with whom he had worked on "Juarez," he arranged the music of Richard Wagner for the ill-fated biographical film, "The Magic Fire." Made in Germany, the film was drastically cut for its American screening. Critical reaction was negative. It should be noted that "Korngold made a remarkable three-and-a-half minute musical montage of the sixteen hours of Wagner's Ring cycle, and was later amazed when asked by Republic Studios if he could slice another twenty seconds out of it." [96]

Erich Korngold lived with his family in Hollywood until his death on November 29, 1957. Why did this gifted man stop his film composing in 1946? Peter G. Davis offers this view.

[93] Gene Ringgold, *The Films of Bette Davis*, p. 137, New York, The Citadel Press, 1966.

[94] *Overture*, November 1946, p. 12.

[95] Evans, *op. cit.*, p. 26.

[96] Thomas, *Music for the Movies*, p. 140.

> It's very possible that Korngold gave up writing for the movies because he saw that the whole thing was a dead end: Each film had its run only to be returned to the studio vaults—his music along with it, never to be heard in any other form again.[97]

Julius Korngold was never impressed with Hollywood and was saddened to see his son devoting so much of his career to film music. However, he wrote this about his son's work there: "He raised and enriched the style of musical film accompaniment through the melodic-symphonic elements inherent in his dramatic compositions." [98]

Eighteen original scores and two adaptations mark the total Korngold output in his Hollywood years. His career "stirred up adulation, malice, prosperity and artistic underestimation." [99] During a 1946 interview, the composer talked about his approach to film music and sheds light on what this work meant to him.

> Fine symphonic scores for motion pictures . . . cannot help but influence mass acceptance of finer music. The cinema is a direct avenue to the ears and hearts of the great public, and all musicians should see the screen as a musical opportunity.[100]

Erich Wolfgang Korngold found the responsive ears of the public. And through his music, the great public has taken him to their hearts. Television, film revivals, and the record industry have kept his work very much alive. Does the music make the movie? In the case of many of Korngold films, the answer is most affirmative. Who can imagine "Kings Row" without music?

[97] Peter G. Davis, *New York Times*, New York, Sunday, March 24, 1974.

[98] Julius Korngold, *op. cit.*, p. 79.

[99] Patterson Green, *Los Angeles Herald Examiner*, Los Angeles, Saturday, May 26, 1962, A-12.

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BOOK REVIEWS

The Relocating Spouse's Guide To Employment

Frances Bastress

Woodley Publications, 1986

Softcover, 270 pages, $12.95.

Frances Bastress is the director of Career Development Services in Bethesda, Maryland. As a certified counselor and former personnel administrator, she designs and conducts training programs related to employment. She is married and has two children.

According to Frances Bastress, "The purpose of *The Relocating Spouse's Guide to Employment* is to enable relocating spouses to overcome the strikes against them in the world of work and to surpass the average job seeker in the employment market." Ms. Bastress gives six steps in the work and life decision-making process: 1. Self-assessment—evaluating what is important. 2. Exploration—investigating options after self-assessment, 3. Choosing—selecting an employment goal, 4. Taking action—applying job search strategies, 5. Adjusting to transition—getting into the new job situation, and 6. Re-evaluation—reassessing the situation to determine if the process needs to be repeated.

This circular process may be useful for anyone who is a working member of our highly mobile society, but it is certainly an important process for the spouse or dependent of the solider who often changes duty stations. As the author develops the six steps to decision-making, she uses exercises: time lines, work research information sheets, and worksheets for clarifying the options. Bastress uses numerous stories from her own experience of "living on the move" to demonstrate her techniques for achieving one's greatest potential in the job market. In addition, she provides guidelines for preparing resumes and for completing other documents related to the job search. According to Bastress, the central question does not have

to do with selecting a new vocation so much as it has to do with adapting to each new situation.

The book was an enriching one for me. As I read it, I became aware, through the exercises and through the personal experiences of others, of my own ability to adapt to the new situation. I could begin to see each move as an opportunity to get to know myself better. As a military wife and one who moves often, I am eager to use Ms. Bastress' "circle" process when my next relocation occurs.

Ms. Nancy Bowren

Diagnosing And Treating Co-Dependence

Timmen L. Cerman, M.D.

Johnson Institute Books, 1986.

Paper, $8.95

The Johnson Institute has produced some of the most important literature on alcohol and drug dependency. The scholarship is innovative and thorough, and the methods for counseling and confronting the chemically dependent person are solidly founded. The Institute offers a toll free service (1-800-231-5165) which will provide catalogues of publications and schedules of training opportunities.

Diagnosing and Treating Co-dependence is typical and characteristic of the Johnson Institute works. Dr. Cermak, co-founder of the first group for adult children of alcoholics, currently serves as the president of the national association. A practicing psychiatrist, specializing in the treatment of alcoholics, he is himself the product of an alcoholic family.

Using the ancient Greek legends of Narcissis and Echo as his starting point, the author explores the family disorder that spreads with its primary disease partner—chemical dependence. Co-dependence is more complex than chemical dependence because of its intrapersonal or relational effects. Co-dependence as a discernable disease also lacks the long history of analysis and treatment that alcohol and drug dependence have amassed.

Cermak's work provides "a substantive framework for thinking about co-dependence." The disease has definite sign and symptoms: denial, constricted emotions, depression, hypervigilence, compulsions, stress-related illness. "Co-dependents vacilate between pride and shame . . . They develop a facade to use when dealing with the outside world." He describes four stages of recovery: survival, re-identification, core issues, and re-integration. The reader will find

his discussion of these states most helpful when counseling persons with a family history of chemical dependence.

Diagnosing and Treating Co-dependence is an excellent work. It should be in every chaplain's reference library. It is worth several re-readings.

Chaplain (LTC) William L. Hufham
USA

Jesus The Pharisee: A New Look At The Jewishness Of Jesus

Harvey Falk

Paulist Press, New York New York 1985

Paperback 175 pages $8.95

Harvey Falk is a Jewish rabbi who has written previously on rabbinic Judaism and its relation to modern society.

If you want to learn about the Jewishness of Jesus, don't read this book. Despite its title and the author's stated intent, this book is not primarily about Jesus. But if you are interested in the Judaism of Jesus' day, this book is informative although highly speculative.

Falk suggests Jesus' disputes with the Pharisees reflect talmudic disputes between the schools of Shammai and Hillel. Jesus supported Hillel, especially in his view that righteous Gentiles deserve salvation. Some might say he instituted a religion to accomplish this. Jesus' followers then read Hillel's view back into Jesus' life. Falk denies that his thesis changes any Christian belief or dogma. Further, he says, the anti-Jewish passages of the New Testament were directed against Shammai's school, not against Judaism in general.

Neither Jesus nor his disciples ever intended to supersede Judaism, says Falk. They only sought to provide a way of salvation for non-Jews. As a part of his argument, Falk proposes a direct relationship between Hillel and the Essenes, and thus an indirect one between John the Baptist, Jesus, Paul and the Essenes. He first asserts these relations, then assumes them, but never proves them. The same is true of his thesis about Jesus' view on salvation. Falk simply misrepresents Paul. Even a quick comparison between Falk and the New Testament shows he has interpreted Christian scriptures in support of his conclusion.

This book is not a piece of scholarship. Falk argues neither clearly nor consistently. He often asserts his conclusion, but never does he prove it. The opinions expressed in early chapters often become facts in later chapters; they then begin to serve as the basis for further opinion. Falk assumes when two groups have a common opinion that one must have derived the opinion from the other. The worst example of Falk's scholarship is his statement that Jesus adopted the view of Rava on a particular matter (p. 153). In the very next sentence we learn that Rava lived 300 years after Jesus.

Accepting Falk's hypothesis requires Christians to change significantly their understanding of Jesus. No longer can he be the Lord and Savior of the New Testament. Falk's Jesus is only a human disciple of Hillel and his views differ little from those of modern Judaism. If we are careful, we can learn about Judaism from this book, but we cannot learn about Jesus of about Christian origins. The book makes no contribution to the contemporary study of Jesus.

Chaplain (CPT) Douglas McCready
Pennsylvania Army National Guard

Wellness, Spirituality And Sports

Thomas Ryan

Paulist Press, 1986

Softcover, 215 pages $8.95

Thomas Ryan has written an interesting and challenging volume for the military chaplain. We are accustomed to seeing today's soldier spend time, energy, and talent maintaining and improving physical fitness. It is not uncommon, however, to hear from the same soldier who spends three to five hours a week on physical fitness that he cannot find the time to attend worship services. Ryan maintains that the same values which undergird sports are those sought within the spiritual life: discipline, dedication, enthusiasm and perservance. Viewed from this perspective, the Army has a vast supply of raw material for the development of a strong spiritual life.

Ryan believes that the vital connection between one's sports life and ones spirtual life is not made for several reasons. In the first place, we have allowed the spiritual life to become identified, in the minds of many, with false piety, a naiveté toward life, an absence of sensuality and sexuality, and a lack of passion or zest for life in general. Those soldiers who are the most filled with a zest for life, the physically fit, are apt to feel they are too human for the spiritual

disciplines to be meaningful. In the second place, Ryan thinks that religious leaders have failed to see involvement in sports as a spiritual activity. Ryan sees involvement in sports as potentially a religious experience. It can give a foretaste of the harmonious, satisfying, and fulfilling life that we can experience with God.

As a corrective for this situation, Ryan introduces the ancient theological category of connaturality. In this way of thinking, every experience can potentially be a holy one. This incarnational thinking, which brings the physical and spiritual together, calls the chaplain and the soldier to develop a new style of discernment, a deeper involvement in the sensing of the divine permeating the everyday events. To illustrate the application of the theory, Ryan gives an introductory theological exploration of four popular sports: running, swimming, skiing, and dancing.

Since Ryan breaks new ground, some will find his thoughts radical and subject to criticism. I believe he invites chaplains to consider new avenues for developing dialogue between themselves and their athletic but non-church-going soldiers.

Chaplain (1LT) Larry A. Moody
Wisconsin Army National Guard

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